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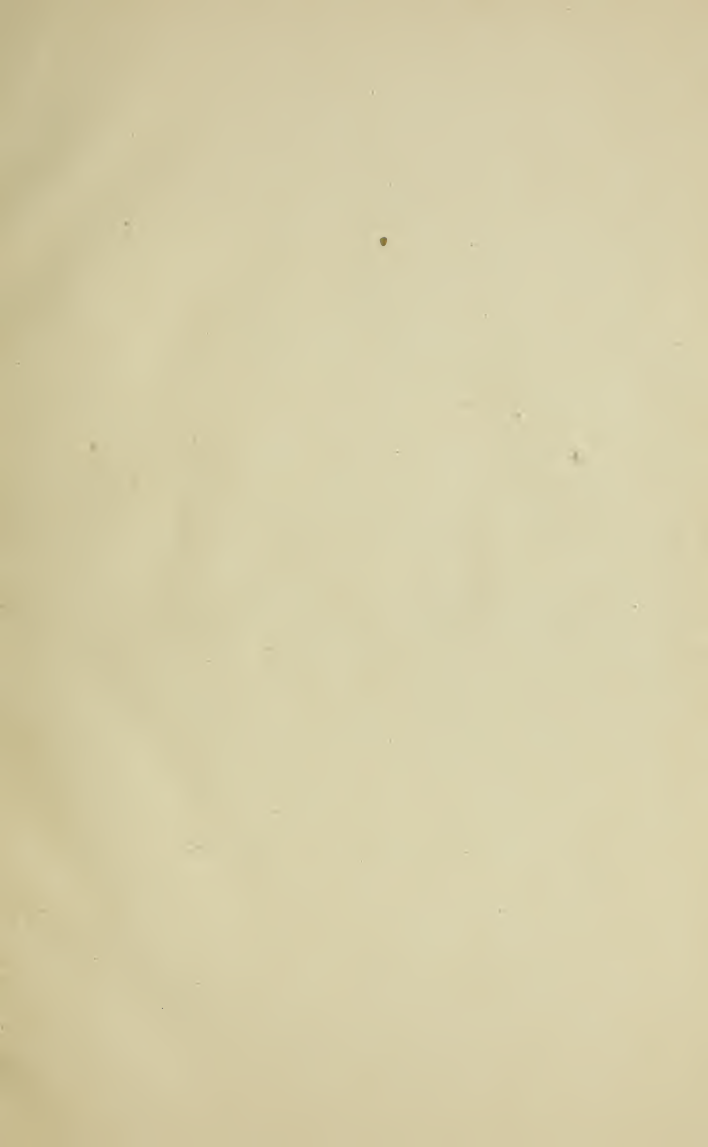
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SOL:

AN EPIC POEM.

BY REV. HENRY ILIOWIZI.



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TO

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

My Dear Sir:—Permit me to associate this first effort of my pen with your world-renowned, beloved, and revered name. The heroine of my theme was born and died the martyr's death in that very land whither, years ago, you proceeded with the intention of ameliorating the painful condition of your suffering brethren. Since you are known to the world you are honored as the true God-inspired Israelite, who feels the woes and the wrongs of the great human family not less than the severe persecutions of his own people. During my sojourn in Africa I often heard your endeared name repeated with almost as much reverence and awe as that of our first great Moses. It pleased gracious heaven to grant you a blessed past of a hundred years; and I join the prayer of grateful myriads, who beseech the Almighty to prolong the period of your earthly existence, for the benefit of that race who look up to you as a model of true friendship, pure love, profound faith and universal charity. With deep respect and gratitude, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant and humble admirer,

HENRY ILIOWIZI.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 1, 1883.

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PREFACE.

During my residence in Tetuan, Morocco, I became acquainted with Sol's tragical end, which furnished me with the material for the poem I am humbly submitting to the consideration of a generous public. The event is substantially historical, took place in 1834, and was, before me, treated by two Spaniards, who celebrated Sol's heroic death, the one in a little history, the other in a drama. I have read both, without, however, deriving more than the facts narrated to me by the martyr's relatives from the perusal, the productions falling, in my judgment, below the level of mediocrity. After a thorough acquaintance with all the details of the event I resolved to shape it into an epic, and not before long years of assiduous labor was my resolve realized.

Reader, this work is a humble effort to outline the ideas and ideals, the aspirations, traditions, and inspirations, the sufferings, sorrows, the doubts, hopes, and the faith of the most peculiar and illustrious race that ever lived. Who does not know the people who are yet practicing the virtues of Abraham; who are teaching the Law of Moses, blazoning the faith and lofty principles of Jesiah, reading the language of David, and seeing a son born in their midst extolled and worshipped as the redeemer of uncounted millions? Yes, Israel lives, notwithstanding the

massacres of Titus, the outrages of Antiochus, the untold racks of the Torquemadas, the unrelenting oppressions and persecutions of nineteen centuries, and the hatred, crimes, wrongs and prejudices of the present!

Nay, surrounded by the decaying ruins of his old enemies, and bearing the acrimony of those peoples whose mind he has lifted to the regions of light and hope, Israel is yet claiming the priesthood of mankind; and the sublime principles of universal peace, love, and brotherhood once proclaimed in the fiery and sacred speech of his heaven-exalted prophets, he persists in spreading in every living tongue throughout the world! And does not history cry aloud: "Wherefore do nations rage, and peoples meditate a vain thing? The kings of the earth raise themselves up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and his anointed!" Hear, enemies of Israel, it is written in the book of fate, and the genius of history confirms the irrevocable decree, that *mind* and not *matter* is ordained to sway the highest destinies of man! And Israel's vital, invulnerable power is *thought* blended with unshaken *faith* in the ultimate triumph of truth over falsehood, of light over darkness!

And now, a word about the plan of this work. It is divided into nine books, each styled after one of the "Immortal Nine." The duration of the whole action is confined to fifteen days. The stage is Morocco; the first four books acting in Tangier; the fifth and sixth at Garb Pliques, a station near Fez; and the last three books in Fez,

and *Lallah-Almina*, the Shereef's beautiful residence in the neighborhood of Fez. With the exception of Sol's individuality the other prominent actors, especially Elias and Ben Zion, are not to be regarded as representing individuals. The scenes of heaven and hell are partly based on Judaic mythology, but are largely original in their nature. May these pages find unprejudiced critics, generous and judicious readers; and may their purport teach the public to appreciate a race whose virtues are their own, but whose shortcomings are the natural product of a long, dark, and painful history for which the Gentile and not the Jew is responsible.

The usual indulgence in the so-called *licence-poetique* is not carried to extremes in this work, and the almost unavoidable typographical errors will be removed from the second edition.

THE AUTHOR.



Prato.

Prato.

I.

Resplendent on old Africa's coast sublime,
On yonder shore of mild, delicious clime,
Where hoar Atlantic pours his limpid main
Betwixt Morocco and degenerate Spain,
There glares, in sight of Calpe's rocky walls,
The dazzling city every Moor extols ;
Fair Tangier rich in mosques, wealth, and forts,
In blooming gardens and Oriental sports.
Her brilliant sight arrests the seaman's gaze,
For in the sun she is with light ablaze,
And seems an Eden blest with Heaven's grace,
The best of cities on this planet's face.
And not in vain a people boasting cries :
"She is the finest gem beneath the skies !"
And speak of Tangier with more pomp to-day
Than Rome of triumphs under Cæsar's sway.
A balmy atmosphere her walls surrounds :
The choicest fruit spring from her pleasure-grounds ;
The golden orange here and citron bloom,
Here live the warblers of the shining plume ;
Here promenade the rich on hill, in vale
The eve's and morrow's breezes to inhale,
When in cool solititude her graces rare
To fond embraces gives the Moorish fair.
But ah, can savage man a power wield
And with his power helpless Virtue shield ?

Will reptile Envy, mischievous Unrest,
 Relinquish once the haunted human breast.
 And let the mortal with his brothers live,
 In peace enjoy what him the earth doth give !
 And Malice rankling in the baser mind,
 Is yet a scourge of suffering mankind,
 Though loath'd and hunted by auspicious times,
 It finds abode in dark, barbaric climes.
 The Moor, wild sovereign of a Moslem state,
 Is taught by priests the infidels to hate,
 And, in his cruel impulse resolute,
 Doth with their gore his country's sod pollute.
 Nor innocence nor age beyond his creed,
 Can move his pity, tame his beastly greed ;
 As now the fate of Sol will prove when told ;
 Sol, beauteous daughter of her parents old ;
 Her sire, Hachuel, in humble state,
 Her mother, Simha, pious and elate.
 Like men they bore the sorrows Heaven sent ;
 And thus recorded is the sad event.

II.

With measured, quiet pace, bespeaking age,
 Descended from a sloping lane the sage
 Elias, grave and worthy to behold ;
 Oriental garments did his frame infold ;
 Deep lines of sorrow furrowed his high brow,
 His grizzled locks now white began to grow ;
 For hard vicissitudes in life he bore,
 He sixteen winters counted and three score.
 And yet majestic was his carriage, kind
 And thoughtful beam'd his eye, as if his mind
 A world of weighty sentiments concealed,
 Which never he to any soul revealed.
 In veneration young and old incline

To honor him, the foreign sage benign.
By land and sea he all the hardships braved,
And for the poor his brethren's aid he craved ;
Jerusalem, his venerated place,
With schools and hospitals he wished to grace ;
And thus for years he pass'd from land to land,
And blessed him who stretched an open hand.
But now before an oaken door he halts,
Which, at his knock, the host straightway unbolts ;
The door fast on its hinges open flies,
And humble Hachuel, astonished, cries :

III.

“Walk in, walk in, be welcome to my hearth,
Thou Heaven-exalted wanderer on earth !
Why, who would hope that thou wouldst come to see
My humble home, and stay awhile with me !
The wealthy folks here all the honors claim,
And Hachuel among them hath no name.
Oh, what a power wields the golden coin
That whitens offsprings of degraded loins !
But silly that I am ! Where is my brain
To speak to thee on topics so profane !
Thou comest from Canaan ; there is a spell
In what a lip of Canaan can tell ;
For who would not of sacred mounts and vales
Indulge once more the stirring, wondrous tales !
There lay our heroes, prophets, kings entombed,
Who, during life, to none but Heaven succumbed ;
And of our Temple there the ruins bend
Remote, alas ! from fervent lip and hand !
Oh say, how Zion looks, how looks our state
Since eighteen hundred years disconsolate !
Say, is it true that on some days, alas !
The jackals do athwart the ruins pass,

Athwart the ruins under which to-day
The pious pilgrims and the learned pray?
A painful task it is to contemplate
What once we were and what is since our fate;
And yet the Hebrew hopes until he dies,
His fallen greatness nigh the Jordan lies;
Still of Jerusalem our poets sing,
From sacred soil our golden fruit must spring."

IV.

"I like, oh Hachuel," the sage replies,
"The manly soul that misery defies.
In darkest times our only Lord to serve
Doth constitute our people's vital nerve;
Our sires taught us in our God believe
And hospitably strangers to receive;
The first of Hebrews left us this bequest,
Who in his tents to angels gave his best,
And taught the lessons of a virtue pure,
The nations' scorn with patience to endure,
And hold together like a valiant band
On troubled waters, distant from the land.
A sympathetic race will not complain
Whose iron bond is love's invisible chain,
And Israel united in distress
Need neither weakness nor pale fear confess.
Why we of our inheritance are proud
The flying generations speak aloud.
When frowning millions Israel by fear
Would force their molten idols to revere,
And with relentless cruelty a race
Would by uncounted calumnies disgrace,
Then it is time for us to think and act
As champions of truth, and not compact
With foes who dream not of the warrior's price

When higher than all banners ours shall rise!
As yonder glowing stars which darkness chase,
And in their spheres revolve through boundless space,
So light-diffusing Israel to spread
Pure truth *beyond* the Promised Land was bred.
Man's dignity on earth uplifting we,
His consciousness evolving, made him free.
What though we from a world benighted earn
Ingratitude and hatred in return;
Titanic blood is flowing in our veins,
Our oldest foes a newer time disdains;
Of Babylon, of Greece, and Rome of old,
Of proud Iberia a tale is told;
For less their heirs resemble them in rule
Than doth the fiery steed the clumsy mule.
Not thus do we a shabby monument
Of rusty splendor useless represent;
In tempest, hail, and stern adversity
We teach frail man his highest destiny.
Not changed by loss, but fortified in pain
We broke the darkest jail and rent the chain
Which fettered man and held his greatness bound
When beasts he worshipp'd, cringing on the ground.
Toward heaven he now turns a longing eye
And feels that heavenly spirits never die,
That all the worlds our only God did make,
And all the mounts a passing breath may shake.
That is our pride, the glory we extol,
Why none can say that Israel did fall.
With inmost fervor Canaan we love,
But more the One, who rules supreme above!"

v.

With open mouth brave Hachuel amazed,
Inspired, at the wise Elias gazed,

Who, though adherent lived to olden rite,
 The Scriptures could and bulky Talmud cite,
 Yet highly rated what the progress gave
 And marched abreast with searching spirits, save
 The irreligious crowd of younglings bold,
 Who flagrant lack of heart and soul unfold,
 And in their self-conceited, shallow mind
 Create a universe with naught behind,
 An awful, grand, immense infinity
 With glorious works—but no Divinity !
 Now of his mission wise Elias thought,
 And how to gain his visit's end he sought ;
 For longer he from parents could not hide
 That he their daughter came to make the bride
 Of Hazan's heir, Ben Zion, young and brave
 And earnest in his thoughts, for youth too grave.
 The messenger at length to speak prepares,
 And in his mind the wooing he declares ;
 But Hachuel the word hath now in course
 And humbly thus re-opens his discourse.

VI.

"Deep faith and wisdom do thy soul inspire
 And touch thy lip with ardent, sacred fire
 Inflaming every feeling heart and mind
 With sentiments and thoughts of highest kind ;
 My sluggish sense can scarce in full conceive
 Of mental food a soul like thine can give.
 I hear thy speech and feel its potent might,
 But fail to share in thy celestial flight ;
 For deep and high as if our prophets hoar
 Their inspirations uttered at this hour ;
 As if our sacred oracles of old
 The future's hidden course to us unroll'd,
 So rings thy godly speech within my ear,

Awaking swelling pride and pious fear.
 It must be true, since all the sages urge
 That suffering doth the human mettle purge ;
 And who would not adore the Lord of Grace
 Who blunts the arrows levell'd at our race,
 And lets our foes their powder vainly waste,
 The Hebrew still of earthly sweetness taste !
 Oppress'd abroad we yet in our retreat
 A faithful wife and loving children meet ;
 The crowned monarch of a vast domain
 For such devotion seeks and thirsts in vain.
 My wife's attachment and my children's first
 Do more than thrones to quench affection's thirst,
 For Issachar, my boy, and Sol combine
 To render hopeful, sweet our days' decline.
 Auspicious Heaven protect my pretty two,
 And Fortune's favors I shall never woo ;
 In her selection my dear daughter guide,
 A worthy youth may her soon make his bride !
 And he will come, I know, to build Sol's hearth,
 As was ordain'd above before their birth !”

VII.

Meanwhile remote from sight, behind a screen
 The women list and smile, themselves unseen.
 The decent custom bids them keep aloof
 From stranger's gaze, even beneath their roof.
 Sol doth the linen for the Sabbath mend,
 Simha the meal prepares with careful hand,
 While both from time to time a look exchange
 And smile again, as if to say: how strange !
 Not eighteen Mays the maiden saw return,
 Enchanting fire in her glance did burn ;
 In all the town, they said, that she alone
 Did equal Hebe just hewn of marble stone ;

A lovely stature poets to inspire
With enthusiastic flame, celestial fire.
There stood the maiden, every youth she spelled,
Her virgin bosom womanly outswelled;
Her eye was dark, her neck was snowy white,
Her cheek was rose, her plaits were black as night;
She stood and heard with concentrated brain
The sage discourse, for thus he spoke again:

VIII.

“I praise thy fatherly resolve, oh friend,
Thy daughter to entrust a manly hand,
A worthy youth, who willing is to find
Felicity in Sol’s devoted mind,
In virtue praised to me before I twice
Within this place the sun have seen arise.
The minstrel, bard, and thinker do combine
To celebrate that period divine
Of bridal happiness on man bestow’d
By all-embracing, loving, gracious God;
A song endeared to every age and time,
In every tongue construed in verse and rhyme,
Is love, the bridegroom and the winsome bride,
Whose blush betrays the flames her passions hide.
Long after youthful days do like a dream
In face of coarser life to mortals seem,
Who doth the hidden, sunny, flowery ways
He trod with her not in his thought retrace,
With her, his dearest in whose flashing eyes
He saw the image of the mirror’d skies;
And in her soft embrace, her look, her kiss,
He found a world’s eternity of bliss.
Of Heaven’s treasures, love, the choicest price,
Perfumes the earth, a flower of Paradise.
How woman could all lurking dangers brave,

Without her man, her emperor and slave;
How man, by troubles, thoughts and cares pursued
Could overwhelming sufferance elude,
Without the fondness of a faithful breast,
A home, a smiling face, an isle of rest,
The widow and the wifeless know the best.
Yet not on comfort must we lay all stress,
A gift that giver and receiver bless,
But through that generative sacred tie
The names and generations never die;
A second youth such people live and taste
Who not unmarried all their years do waste;
And when to Heaven they yield up their breath
And paling, quivering, close their eyes in death;
When fell decomposition melts their frame,
God-fearing parents have a lasting name;
For nor the virtuous deed, nor fame is past,
The flesh alone is turning unto dust.
Thus hark, my errand's purport and decide
If Sol, thy daughter, be the happy bride
Of Hazan's heir, Ben Zion, known to thee
Since day of birth and early infancy.
This learned youth, esteemed by everyone,
Since weeks and moons doth feel himself alone;
His peace of mind, his rest, his sleep are gone.
He for thy Sol a tender love conceived
But chose to see his anxious father grieved,
Who vainly tried his son to penetrate,
To know his ills, and cure at any rate.
He would not speak, the proud, and parted hence;
But soon subdued by passion's vehemence,
He left the hill, the dale, the wood, the grove,
And, coming back, at length, confessed his love.
Thou knowest well, what Hazan hath and earns
To him belongs, who for thy daughter yearns.

Speak forth thy will and straight I shall be hence,
Against my wish I keep them in suspense!"
And Hachuel his oily snuff-box shakes,
He snuffs a pinch, and speedy answer makes.

IX.

"Of wealth I cannot boast and rate the old
Hazan much more for manliness than gold.
In all his dealings he commands esteem,
I would the son would half as noble seem,
Would like his father jealousy arouse
By lodging learned guests within his house,
And with his open purse upon the streets
Alleviate the neediness he meets.
How do I honor that respected man
Whose heart would give more than his treasures can;
Who loves the stranger and the poor that come,
And craves their blessings for his blessed home!
To see my daughter his Ben Zion's wife
Would be the pride, the glory of my life,
If for his son I truly could confess
The same regard his father doth possess.
The youth is not the one he was before
He shunn'd the Scriptures and the Talmud's lore;
Before he landed on a British shore.
A tender sapling yet at break of day,
He ran to school to read the Law and pray;
Nor rain, nor tempest could his zeal abate,
The boy had rather died than come too late,
Or miss a lesson or a chance to learn,
Or lose the praise the child was prone to earn.
'What could he study here?' then said Hazan,
'I mean to make a scholar of my son;
In London, there the perfect masters will

Ben Zion's head with soundest wisdom fill.
 Nine years he heard within some institute
 What many say and others do refute,
 And shared, perchance, himself in the dispute.
 Enough, 'He comes, he comes, is here!' we heard,
 And to receive him friendly we prepared.
 The vessel lands; we run, we would aboard,
 But gaze astounded at—a British lord.
 That was no Hebrew with a haughty look
 Who round him had no Jewish prayer-book!
 He wore no beard to grace his manly chin,
 He brought with him a fearful, huge machine,
 A pile of works of heathen origin.
 With foreign wisdom and in foreign guise
 His humble friends he scarce did recognize;
 For when at home, he met the hearty throng
 With lordly nods, and spoke to them a tongue
 In all this realm but known to very few;
 In short, Ben Zion is a lord, no Jew,
 Thus why doth he a Hebrew maiden woo?
 I oft observ'd him in the dead of night,
 When clear the welkin and the moon was bright,
 Upon his terrace with his instrument,
 The pointed glass toward the heavens bent,
 As if the orbs he stealthily adored
 Or some new wonders in their midst explored.
 I know, I know, he never, never prays
 When at the synagogue on Saturdays
 He dreaming near his parent seats and looks
 As one who clowns with godly patience brooks.
 All this cannot my soul with love inspire,
 He will not me, I cannot him admire.
 Moreover, thou art here my Sol to woo,
 He loves her? well! but she must love him too.
 I shall not thwart his wish nor speak behind;

What thou didst hear'came from my inmost mind.
Should Sol consent Ben Zion's wife to be,
I shall my blessing give, my child is free.
Simha will glory in her daughter's spell,
A precious dowry is our virtuous girl.''
This answer wise Elias satisfies,
He takes the word, and smiling, thus replies :

X.

“Our friends will learn these tidings with delight,
Of thee I take thy friendship's truest plight,
Though all thou giv'st not what thou both canst give;
Ben Zion's nature thou dost misconceive,
Love will thy daughter with respect inspire,
Of what, good man, thou know'st not to admire,
As proves thy censure's rigorous extreme
I chastise not thy sentiment, thy theme;
An honest motive underlies thy speech,
Yet do not quickly judge, I must beseech,
Of troubled rivers by their devious course,
Until, ascending to the distant source,
And following their waters to the main,
Thou seest them winding through a verdant plain,
Though pebbled banks and wooded hill beside—
And yet not mirror heavens in their tide.
Wilt thou, perhaps, with wind of lungs control
The sweeping cataract's prodigious fall,
Or tame the foaming oceans when they boil
By flinging on the waves a pot of oil?
Even the mighty emperors and kings,
When daring to confront unearthly things,
What Providence ordains and nature brings,
Are swept away, like chaff in stormy climes,
By striving ages, Spirit of the Times!
Believing that below progressive change

Did never human happiness derange;
That Heaven's will is manifest in all
Which daily happens on this changeful ball,
I humbly bow before the great Supreme,
Avoiding ways which seem to me extreme.
A thoughtful youth I many times prefer
To empty heads one meets here everywhere;
To such as pray and in the prayer shout,
In gross, blasphemous nonsense never doubt;
To such as neither read, nor speak, nor write;
Is that thy model Jew, thy Israelite?
Thought chains a million minds by magic links,
Ben Zion with so many thinkers think;
And, though of Hebrew loyalty throughout,
He gropes entangled in the maze of doubt.
Bright Truth to view, disrobed of her disguise,
Is his endeavor, his bold enterprise;
And on the darksome pathway he doth run,
He shall the dawn behold, see rise his sun.
But even now he is a man indeed,
Within the precincts of our lofty creed."

XI.

With decent haste the messenger departs
To bring sweet hope to palpitating hearts;
Behind him follows to the door the host,
Till where the horse-shoe nail'd is to the post
Beside the entrance as an amulet
To scare the evil-ones who dread this net.
Now Sol and mother from retreat appear,
Simha resolved straightway to interfere
And give the old the censure he deserves,
The old whose raving madness thrill'd her nerves
When him she heard in stupid strains descant,
Disheartening the honor'd sage who went,

She feared, not sure if Haim Hachuel
Would to Ben Zion fainly give his belle.
But oh Joy! sweet stimulent of human peace,
How at thy smile all mortal woes decrease!
How want and anger, wrath and vengeance flee
From joyous bosoms for a second free
From earthly sorrows rich in every form,
That rise like billows hurled by the storm!
She could not blame, but stood there in a trance,
Contentment shone upon her countenance;
Fair Sol, a blooming angel of the sky,
Beside her mother stood with downcast eye.
She first the stately youth by chance alone
Did striding see at early break of dawn,
And pass their dwelling in the dusty lane
With hasty pace toward the hazy main;
And last she saw him in the sacred fane
On Sabbath there among a motley crowd
Who congregate to sing and read aloud,
All, save the young Hazan, who moved no tongue,
Who lik'd Apollo midst a shepherd throng.
In pensive muteness yon the dreamer sate
Till there his gaze was fix'd where separate
The Hebrew mothers with their daughters pray'd,
And lo! "He looks at us!" some voices said,
"At thee, Sol; thee he scans, the British lord!"
But flashing Sol no answer made, no word.
"At me he looks, that youthful knight, oh bliss,
Could he love silly Sol, a man like this!
He coming from the realms where every girl
By beauty, grace of manners knows to spell
The gentleman she speculates to win,
Shall with a thing like me his love begin!
As well might eagle court the common dove,
The falcon fall with chink-hid bats in love,

As young Hazan behold me by his side,
The wisest bridegroom love the silliest bride!"
So in her fancy pond' red beauteous Sol;
Did ever Innocence herself extol?
Or Virtue treasured in man's holy shrine,
His heart, did ever guess her worth divine?
Both, like the nightingale's sweet melody,
Are to themselves and world a mystery.

XII.

Why are ye silent happy dame and maid,
Though both you know what sage and sire said?
Where take the word, alas! when on the brow
Is written how the soul doth overflow
With soft felicity, emotions deep
That in the heart's recesses ever sleep
Till Zephyr's gales fierce Aquilon replace,
Till icy sorrows melt in sunny rays,
And in the bosom's depth wake yonder chord
To which the bard may scarce impart the word;
Then thrills sweet joy, yet not unmixed with fear
And awe, then speaks the eye, then flows the tear.
Such is your mood, transported, grateful pair,
Your tears are not the weeping of despair
Which dulls the sight and fades the lovely cheek,
Your lips are silent, for your souls do speak!

XIII.

A gentle, fond embrace around her frame
With loving arms at once returns the dame;
Once she the graces wore her daughter wears,
Now stale and wither'd, though not deep in years;
For with her wants her state did not agree,
She strove a victim of gaunt poverty.
But unpathetic to the sire seems

The grave concern, and sober reason deems
He would be more in time and place. "Why tears?"
He cries, "instead of thought, while the hour nears
When they needs come the sacred knot to tie;
Are both you ready for a short reply?
Thou, mother, hast a voice and may'st decide
If with Hazan's thy wishes coincide;
Nor shall our daughter yield to any might,
Except her love; to force we have no right.
Our Sol shall candidly to mother state
If she Ben Zion's love reciprocate!"

XIV.

"How inconsiderate art thou, oh man,"
Simha did wipe her eyes and thus began,
"How inconsiderate art thou when such
An offer fails thy father's pride to touch,
When thou canst let the learned sage depart
And not convey the willingness of heart
To call that wealthy youth thy son-in-law,
Whose wisdom, fame and fortunes daily grow!
Or wouldst thou rather choose a man of need
Who hath but piety his wife to feed?
A life-long neediness thy wife doth train,
Who knows what love and piety may gain;
What pang it is to have no bread secure,
The winter's cold and summer's heat endure;
And if such griefs my daughter I can spare,
I shall my best attempt, this I declare!
Man's destiny is sweet in every sense,
Compared with woman's, ev'n in affluence.
What know you men of all the female throes—
Of birth, her countless ills, her endless woes,—
Which render life a long-protracted groan
To us, poor mothers, creatures to bemoan.

And count not 'mong the unessential things
 Lean penury's tormentful visitings.
 Our home's protector worried with the cares
 Of life's oppressive heaviness he bears,
 How painful him to see from work return
 And not enough for bread and pottage earn;
 Enough to lull by a substantial meal,
 One's craving appetite, the child's appeal!
 And thou wouldst with an unrepining sense
 Our girl deliver to pale indigence?
 Encircle her with rags, and want, and mire,
 Make her the slave of some confounded sire?
 Oh no, this will not be, this must not be
 So long as I can work the contrary!
 Besides, if what of distant lands they say
 Be true, and there the Hebrew like the Gentile may
 His worshipful religiousness display,
 Protected by the law and human right,
 Defying the fanatic's wrathful sight;
 Then, following our children's wake, we might
 On foreign soil, in mild propitious climes
 Yet see some brighter days and cheerful times.
 What makes the stranger visiting our coast
 Regard the wealthiest of us, who boast
 Of treasures, mansions, gardens, fields, and cattle,
 As meaner beings made of baser mettle?
 'Tis not the flesh, the blood, the garb and frame
 Which lend them noble dignity and name.
 Ben Zion's change of garb imposed none
 If outward change would be the only one
 For all his other follies to atone;
 But in his features the untaught and taught
 May read the daring battles he hath fought
 With powers we most probably ignore,
 With gods or demons multitudes adore.

He studies not the curious to delude,
 Who penetrate into his solitude.
 His faith, his thoughts and arguments to sound,
 And then to whisper them to all around:
 "He doth not pray, he studies in his cage,
 He doth not pray, but oh, he is a sage!"
 If wisdom irreligion spreads and doubt,
 Why wisdom's light maintain? why, put it out!
 The savage Moor then all the world may beat,
 Since none in ignorance can him defeat,
 And he is right in hating all the Jews
 And infidels who would not hold his views.
 Why imitate our heartless bitter foes
 Whose cureless ignorance prolongs our woes?
 The noble deeds and not the prayers reach
 The highest Throne, our ancient doctors teach;
 And is not he the highest heavens nigh
 Who Innocence and Virtue values high?
 Could he not, gifted with uncommon sense,
 Be led in faith by Sol's mild influence?
 How many youths impious, aberrate,
 Through wives became religiously elate!—
 And now, my girl, if dear thy mother's peace
 Be to thy soul, from anxiousness release
 My troubled mind; thou must my warning heed;
 Why love a woman foreign to thy creed?
 Canst thou a Moorish, cunning dame embrace
 Who neither thee can love nor like thy race?
 Abandon Thara, child, do not defer,
 I trust this female not, abandon her!"

XV.

As when an orchestra of brazen tone
 Allows a solo-playing clarion
 Or flute to send in soft sonorous strains

A thrilling sweetness through the hearer's veins,
Who listens mute with ecstasy and pains,
Emotions vented in a wave of sighs,
A stream of earthly pangs and bliss of skies;
So after both her parents roughly spoke,
Their sweetest Sol at last her silence broke.

XVI.

"If for my love to you, oh parents dear,
I could imperishable structures rear,
How poor would then the pyramids appear!
Or if the poet's power would be mine,
And with it I could melody combine
Oh what celestial ravishment would I
Evoke by such Elysian symphony!
To make your will my compass, this I know,
Completes my highest duty here below;
For what I am and have to you I owe.
Thy sorrows, mother, joys and wants I share,
To stir without thy will I would not dare;
I am a branch, a tender twig of thee,
That greens and blooms, or withers with the tree.
Command, I bow, I sink and am no more,
As true as I the One for thee implore,
And father, who with thee my love divides,
By loving hints my moral conduct guides.
Submissively I thus my friendship break
With Thara de Mesmudi for your sake,
Though lovingly she treats your Sol of late,
And I her heartiness do emulate.
She cannot well behold the sun descend
Without embracing me, her dearest friend;
And oft for hours the woman at her door
Awaited me, there sitting on the floor,
And gladness I could on her visage read

At my approach, who am not of her creed.
As many Moorish females she is rude
In look and manner, not in rectitude.
That she to other rites than ours adheres,
Is due to faith and parents she reveres,
To trust and habit with the milk imbued
Of loving mothers; affection thus subdued
Her soul to them, who on this groanful earth
Gave love and bread and garments her and birth.
On me she never forced her own belief,
Convinced, this would make my attachment brief;
A cautious step shall now our friendship end;
It is your will, I sever from my friend."

XVII.

Concluding thus her filial speech she bows
And gently kisses both her parent's brows;
The sire now doth pray in whispering voice.
A pinch of snuff upshoots with startling noise;
He in a corner stands with closed eyes,
And for his house and race implores the skies.
The orb of day now sends his parting beam
Athwart the room, where silence rules supreme.
But hark! Who knocks there at the door without?
The door doth swing, there is a rush, a shout
Of joy; Elias and three elders stand
With pen and ink and paper in their hand,
While costlly presents there upon a tray
Bespeak the joyance of the festive day.
The parties straight the document to sign
Do set their hand—their offspring to combine;
With goblets fill'd they all expression give
To vows; they cry: "The bride and bridegroom live!"

Glia.

Clio.

I.

Now had Apoll his radiant look and cheer
Since hours withdrawn from all a hemisphere,
And left reposing nations dreaming taste
Of all the tempting fruits they in the haste
Of life are hunting for; as in the waste
The thirsty pilgrim searcheth for a spring
And, having found it, deems himself a king.
Mysteriously within the skyey heights
From space unmeasured solemnly hoar Night's,
All-seeing sentinel sent forth in streams
A magic flood of soft and silvery beams,
Which, ghostly though, did mind and body brace
And continents with wondrous lustre grace.
Above the ocean's mirror rose a maze,
An endless, swelling bulk of creeping haze
Which, like an airy alp, did spreading creep,
And wrap the city's suburbs hush'd in sleep;
And veil'd the markets, yards, the pathways, lanes,
And dimm'd the moon-lit hills, the meads, the plains;
Thus hiding triple Hecate in her round
She nightly makes the sleeping to confound.
Yet one, besides the Muezzin who sat
There wakeful on the mosque's minaret
To call the faithful in a stirring voice,
Which rings through night like some unearthly noise;

The faithful who from infancy are bred
To worship Allah as Mohammed said;
Yet one upon a terrace stood alone,
A stalwart figure, that was Ben Zion.
A telescope in hand with eager sight
He seems to penetrate the starry height;
But skimming cloudlets just the search disturb,
His eye is turned to that globe superb,
Which rolls her way across the azure's blue;
This globe of magic charms and ghastly hue
Now shines upon his visage deadly white,
And makes him look a restless ghost of night,
Who through his coffin breaks and vaulted grave,
And of some inward agony doth rave;
Or like the homeless wandering genii
As they are often seen in Barbary
In crowds, deserted forts and mansions haunt,
Gesticulating their adventures vaunt;
Or oftentimes one abandon'd gloomy elf,
The Bedouins hear, discussing with himself;
So would perchance to Moorish eye appear
Ben Zion if they him alone could hear
At midnight gazing at the shining moon
And thus in earnest with himself commune.

II.

“Again with mild solemnity thy beam
Descends upon a continent in dream,
And longings indefinable awake
In this my breast, vibrating chords that shake
My manhood to its basement's deepest frame,
And tears would flow—oh were it not a shame!
Ah, not this eve alone thy healing light,
Oh moon, doth burst upon the mortal's sight,
But on my oldest sires' infant days

With such profusion fell thy glorious rays;
On empires fallen, generations past
Thou ever didst thy hazy radiance cast!
What withers not beneath thy changeful ray!
The smiling and the weeping pass away
And, as yon sailing cloudlets, leave no trace
To tell, here bled a soul, here wept a race!
How soon the babe a youth, the youth a man
Who, grappling with a cruel fate, doth wan
And gray, and dry, yet drying never think
That he anon may disappointed sink.
And wither this eternal flight of things
Which sweeps along the potentates and kings,
The tyrant, upstart and the sage benign,
The pious, atheist, and the divine?
Where are the great, who held the world in awe
By sword, by reason, sentiment and law?
Bepraised by some, maligned by other fools
They are paraded in the village schools
As warning terrors or instructive tools;
So do physicians lifeless frames dissect
To teach distempers which the flesh affect;
Such is, immortals, your eternal fame,
Among the school-bóys glorious is your name!
What consolation may a mind derive
From theories extant when he doth dive
To fathom yonder bottomless, dark sea
Of human make, renown philosophy,
And thence, instead of precious pearls and gems,
Material brings for thorny diadems,
And shapes a crown reflecting all convictions,
A shade of truth and thousand contradictions,
A mystic sun encircled by a night,
A universe of darkness made and light!
Unbounded runs the past, a dreary, dark

And shoreless main with death on it, the shark,
Who lives on all and that fraternity
That gropes and struggles through eternity,
A chasing host who on each other feed
And glut their vengeance, envy, or their greed!
Oh had but man to tame himself the sense
He would reduce his agonies intense,
And spare himself and kindred all the pangs
Inflicted by insatiate Mammon's fangs!
We boast of progress anciently ignored,
What happy regions have our times explored?
If they of yore no steam used to convey
Their loads, nor through the wires aught could say,
Are we, therefore, much happier than they?
How high above this ball may we ascend,
How deep beneath its surface we descend?
Over us all some destiny doth reign
That holds man bound with adamant chain!
Ah, upon a rotten soil and graves we stride
And know full well that what the tombs do hide
Are gloomy relics of a blasted past;
That we are subject to the selfsame blast
Which hurled them adown that horrid way
To age and sickness, death and fell decay!
Even they, who in adversity and storm
Held steadfast to their virtues uniform,
Even they, unpitied did they close their eyes
And glided into yon mysterious skies,
Whose gulfy deep the fancy terrifies!

III.

'Religion then!' a million voices cry,
'Why doubt in powers races deify!'
Why doubt! Believe what all the pastors preach,
When thou know'st well they know not what they teach;

When they each other would from heaven expel
And rate too bad even for the gulfs of hell;
And when of them the arguments are read,
Whom Buddha, Moses. Christ, Mohammed bred,
They all descant on what the grandam said.
Would they explain the justice of the law
Which lambs delivers to the tiger's jaw?
Why honey gives the bee and stings the wasp,
Why thousand millions groan in tyrant's grasp?
Not Job's alone were pains to mutiny
The searching mind, and rouse the scrutiny
In men unshaken in their noble trust;
For, like the doubter, feeling has the just!
Yet search who may unsearchable designs
Of that mysterious Power who destines!
A hand that with the mole in ploughing vies
Shall tie the threads of two eternities?
Albeit in us doth gleam a vital spark
To lead us safely through this vale of dark,
And teach us for a heavenly goal embark
On that impulsive drift in us, which swings
Aloft our soul, disdaining earthly things;
While oft by some unheavenly might clay-born
We are impell'd in mud here to sojourn.
And *this* supreme dominion holds in me,
Since I, oh beauteous Sol, have learned thee
To love! I strive in vain to overrule
A sentiment of which my heart is full.
Shall I against myself, my maiden plot
And seek some dull, oblivious antidote?
Ay, no! I will not wring my swelling breast;
I am a child of clod, as are the rest
Of Adam's brood, who came to life to grow,
To vegetate, and love and groan below."

IV.

But who is yonder quivering stature, bent,
 Pale, ghastly, as if some new tomb had rent
 Its ribs, and free set its inhabitant?
 That fearful vision rivetted on thee,
 Ben Zion, tells a frightened parent's glee,
 Who in a dream laments what to him most
 Endeared is in this life; he deems it lost,
 But waking finds that the appalling scare
 Was but a nightmare's dread, a phantom rare;
 And with the terror fresh upon his face
 A sign of joy and gratitude displays;
 So is thine sire's look now fix'd upon
 Thy youthful figure, brave and filial son.
 And as the mother doth her nursling press,
 And hugging by no sound her love confess,
 Her love to him whom pains unknown oppress,
 So terrified by ominous alarms,
 The son around his father throws his arms.
 Thus wreath'd in one awhile they mutely stand,
 Anigh the stairs the sire did ascend.
 Sensations cool within their bosoms roll,
 The stirring agitation they control
 Which freezing circulates through heart and soul.
 The young the old to question never dares,
 Who thus his terror's origin declares:

V.

"It was a dream, an awful dream I had,
 Which almost rent my heart and drove me mad.
 Oh what is man with all his boastful might;
 Whom senseless spectres terrify at night!
 He claims the earth's domain for him alone,
 He dares almighty Heaven to disenthroned,
 Yet when asleep his reason is all gone.

Delusive powers then make him their toy,
 And into madness his clear sense decoy.
 Impending joy excited keeps my nerves,
 My unique son doth love whom he deserves,
 And her no foe a word could find to blame;
 I mean thy bride, who shall preserve our name.
 This overbrimming gladness in my breast,
 I sought my couch expecting there to rest
 And gather strength for the approaching day
 Which should me find invigorated, gay.
 I pray'd for all, and praying to the sky
 I shut my eyes, but not my fancy's eye.
 For as I rested there in sweet repose
 Before my mental gaze a shape arose
 Bedaub'd with gore, and hoary locks blood-stained,
 He manful'y his tortures had sustain'd;
 I saw his bleeding skull, his hopeless fight
 With savage bands; I saw him loose his sight,
 And tugg'd along to horse's tail attach'd
 Beyond the gates I saw him then despatch'd;
 I saw him hung and writhed with agony,
 I heard the Moslems laugh and saw him die.
 Environ'd by a trembling multitude
 Upon my parents' roof, methought, I stood,
 And how the stranglers him destroy'd I view'd.
 But lo! I gaze around with ravings wild
 And miss my darling son, my only child.
 With vengeance burning and my senses crazed
 I cry, 'My son, my son!' and turn amazed
 To look adown and see thee, as gazelle,
 With wondrous speed thyself through mobs propel.
 The crowds, the soldiers all astonish'd part,
 Toward the murderous spot I see thee dart
 With cimeter in hand and giant force!
 The wreakful tyrant high upon his horse

I see thee front—his monstrous blood is spilt,
Thy steel into his breast doth plunge with hilt
And blade; he sinks and swims within a flood
Of reeking, fuming beastly tyrant's blood!
But regiments around thee concentrate,
With bristling weapons they advance—too late!
Against thyself thy dagger points, and fierce
I see the fatal steel thy bosom pierce.
'My father is avenged, avenged!' I call,
'My son, my son!' I cry, and see thee fall.
My vital strength forsakes me as I cry,
I feel my senses, feelings, sink and die,
I make an effort and awake—awake
All wet and freezing as if from a lake
Of icy waves I narrowly escaped;
So real seemed the web a phantom shaped!
And now thy voice I heard so sweet to me
As is the bliss my loving son to see,
Thy voice, my ear's delight and harmony.',
Ben Zion shudders as the tale is told,
Which horrid facts to memory recall'd;
A throng of passions in his bosom rage
He calms his father thus, bow'd down with age.

VI.

"Oh wipe it out from memory's record
The blackest crime of that detested horde;
It is engraved among the foulest deeds
Of every soil where weeping Virtue bleeds;
In bloody letters written is that crime
Upon the page of all-avenging Time.
Not guilty execution did he bear
Bequeathing infamy to us, who wear
His image; innocent, as all the great
Who on the path of martyrdom their fate

Confronted with a consciousness elate,
 Did he his untold, hellish tortures scorn
 To be the light of ages yet unborn,
 The load-star of a scattered race down-trod
 Who outrage suffer for their only God!
 Nor will he be the last of them who rise
 In deathless glory on self-sacrifice,
 And dwell with saints, we hope, in yonder skies;
 For could not in this land unblest us all
 Some unforeseen calamities befall?
 Thus quit, oh father, with thy son this shore,
 That bitter fruit for all our sires bore,
 And let us seek beneath the starry dome
 In foreign climes a kind, benignant home.
 Take what thou canst and I will lead the road,
 My bride and parents follow us abroad;
 A savage country who would not forsake
 Where life and honor ever are at stake?"

VII.

"Of all the earthly towns, the precious gem
 To Israel is fair Jerusalem;
 Yet even thither never would I move,"
 The sire said. "My soul would not approve
 Of quitting this my parents' native land
 And seek asylum on a foreign strand.
 My sire's frowning ghost deserted here
 By me, would at my death-bed rise, I fear,
 Upbraiding lack of childlike awe in me,
 Who fleeing cannot from his bondage flee;
 Since everywhere, until Messiah 'ill come,
 The Hebrew wanderers possess no home.
 No, no, my son, this soil I may not leave
 To which with every nerve and vein I cleave,
 But thou may'st think of it when, with thy wife,

Thou feel'st inclined to taste of foreign life.
 Thou hast the manners, sense to intercourse
 With men, whose views I never could endorse,
 Bred as I am in Barbary to live,
 Do as my friends, and what they teach believe.
 And now I shall not further deviate
 From my intent, but straight to thee relate
 Thy grandsire's will, the testament he left
 When of his eyes atrocious hand bereft
 Him in his own house: he bidding me convey
 His death to late descendants; I obey,
 And charge my son, when of a house the head,
 To do the same, and honor thus the dead."
 Ben Zion, as a man by fever's frost
 And heat alternately convulsed, has lost
 His equipoise; an inward, freezing chill
 His nervous system visibly did thrill,
 While gray Hazan at once in tones subdued
 His frightful story calmly thus pursued.

VIII.

"Now three decades the Sultan Mohamet
 Morocco's might and sceptre wielded yet
 With heavy despot's all-outraging pride;
 A foreign trull he made his lawful bride
 And she, the partner of his bed and throne,
 Muley el Ghazi gave him as a son;
 His first-born bred to be his father's foe,
 The cause of bloody feuds and tearful woe.
 Ere long the overweening prince uprose
 With bold design the monarch to depose;
 A bristling army bleeds in his defence,
 He claims the throne, that is his sole pretence;
 A disaffected party backs his claim,
 They furnish men and arms, he gives his name.

He vast resources wastes red, war to wage,
His cruel bands like furious tigers rage;
They field and wood with limbs dissected fill,
Their horrid deeds the stoniest hearts congeal.
The outraged Sultan doth his heir excel
In fiendish feats and schemes of blackest hell;
A royal edict bids the loyal host
On fire all the living traitors roast;
The babe, the woman strangled do expire,
And heaps of victims feed the tyrant's ire;
To extirpate he swears by Mecca's tomb
The rebels' brood still in the mother's womb,
And females disembowel'd are cut like hogs,
The still-born infants thrown before the dogs.
In field, at last, doth host encounter host
And many days in doubtful strife are lost.
The son and father now a duel fight,
The despot's fierceness puts the prince to flight;
By night and day he flies, with him his train,
Behind his routed host, some spot to gain
As refuge, or a fastness where, their fate
To try once more, they durst to concentrate.
But hunted fiercely they must soon disband
And fly to mount and wood from vengeful hand.
The prince himself a sacred refuge hides,
And hither Mohamet his army guides;
While from his hiding place near Tetuan
The refugee to Solomon Hazan
For heavy loans applies, which are declin'd;
My father has the Sultan in his mind,
Who far and wide his edicts had proclaimed,
Among the crimes he loans to rebels named.
He, though with burning wrath inebriate,
The courage lacks the peace to violate
That dwells behind the sanctuary's gate.

To raze it he resolves, and from a dam
There swings and batters the destructive ram.
The walls disjoined quiver, bend, give way—
‘Where art thou valiant prince, where is Muley?’
The frantic emperor calls through the gap,
‘My filial heir, my love shall not escape!’
He roars, he swears, he raves, and runs ahead,
But lo! he pales, he trembles, drops—is dead!
‘A miracle!’ the armies loud exclaim,
‘A miracle!’ they cry and straight proclaim
The monstrous prince successor to his sire,
The throne to which by guilt he did aspire.

IX.

“As oft the boa lock’d in iron cage
Against her liberator turns in rage,
And him devours who friendly broke the bar;
So Muley treated them, whose evil star
Him made their monarch by their choice and will,
Their late adversary, their tyrant still;
But most of all the Jews his venom feel.
To wreck the race that bears the Hebrew name
Blazoning heralds a decree proclaim
That dooms to hanging every Jewish male
In town; the babes and women bids for sale.
Who can the horrors tell and dark dismay,
Which wrung the hearts of thousands on that day,
When all the temples filled with piteous cries
Upsent one loud appeal to cloudy skies!
The women slaves, their husbands should be slain,
Who would not cry! they cried and not in vain,
Alas! except the noblest of them all
Whose doom, once seal’d no power would recall.
A learned Cadi moves the flinty prince
To spare the Jews, but knows him to convince,

That rob and plunder that rejected race
The faithful Moslem may without disgrace.
Like surges bursting through the dikes, the mob
Throughout the Hebrew quarter sweep and rob
The beds and shirts of husband, child, and wife
Who thank Almighty for their naked life.
Not so my father singled out to be
The bleeding scapegoat of black tyranny.
A grimy pack of trained assassins come,
Invade our lane, our yard, our sacred home;
The bolts, the doors yield to ferocious force;
They come with red-hot spikes, they lead a horse
To serve their fiendish end. Come, father, rise
And suffer for thy God and martyr's prize!
Sure thee they seek, ah me! they pierce thy eyes.
And, woe to us! we see thy fount of light
Outquench'd, thee plunged into deepest night!
We offer gold, implore, to no avail,
Thy locks are fastened to a courser's tail,
And thus along the town they drag thee out
Beyond the gates, where with the hellish shout
Of demons who in charnals feast and quaff
Corrupted human blood, and quaffing laugh,
The brutal monarch and his menial train
Enjoy thy eyeless look, thy horrid pain.
'Suspend him by a leg to yonder tree
And let him breathe his last in agony!'
The bloody prince commands, the hangmen speed
Their emperor's blood-thirstiness to feed.
Oh let me end my tale; his limbs they bind,
He prays, he hangs, and dies to Heaven resign'd!"

x.

"On whom if not on you," Ben Zion cried,
"Are all the prophets' curses verified!"

You vegetating in this realm unblest,
Devoid of human right, of peaceful rest,
A prey to real dreads and fancied scares,
Down born with the tremendous weight of cares
Which hydra-headed spring and multiply!
These are the people from afar of eye
And visage fierce, unmoved by pity, wild,
Who neither age nor sex do spare, nor child.
Possess'd by all the instincts of the brute
They slay the victim and indulge the fruit
That grows and blooms upon a gory soil,
The reeky harvest of a murderous toil,
Of strangled Innocence the wretched spoil.
And you, oh wonder of the times! in awe
Before the dreadful punisher you bow,
And with your woes seems trust in Him increase,
When change of creed would comfort bring and peace;
What people of a mind can boast like this!
Nay, here, where misery in full you taste,
You choose a cheerless life and age to waste;
And, as your crowning victory, you crave
To have your sires next to you in grave,
Instead of fleeing from oppressive fears
And live where Tolerance her temple rears!
If at the bottom of such tragic fate
There work the principles which elevate
The human soul beyond the mortal reach
Of doleful sorrows, pains and loss, and teach
A world, that life's end is benignity,
Believe in Heaven, and human dignity;
Then fathom all the annals of mankind,
The famous generations far behind;
Of all the peoples the best sages fetch,
And with old Israel their triumphs match;
How dwarfish they appear! Eternal race,

Thy tears, thy sufferings a globe disgrace;
But thy Promethean work and fame will last
When all the empires known shall be past,
When time all monuments shall turn to dust.
Thy lofty spirit not on earth doth dwell;
Thou must not die, for who the truth would tell? "

XI.

"What good results," the father spoke again,
"From knowledge spread and stored in every brain,
When from the noblest goal we are as far
As we on earth from yonder lucent star?
Though known the duties which our laws implant,
Yet most of men are on wrong-doing bent.
Not ignorance, but malice we now beard
In every clime and every quarter rear'd.
Sin doth man's heart in various ways invade;
The germ of evil nature in him laid,
And, while he feels what right is and what wrong,
Temptation to resist he proves not strong;
And, claiming kinship with some selfish party,
He serves his Moloch, Baal or Astarte.
How many nations did not please their gods
By teaching fellow-men with iron rods?
How many live who not with pious lip
On Israel some calumny did heap?
In ruthless cruelty Morocco stands
Not single-handed midst so many lands,
Where more than here our brethren are not blest,
Nor honor'd, as reports our worthy guest.
In Persia, Muscovy, Roumania, there
The Hebrews likewise persecution bear.
While any clan's imaginary wrongs
Provokes the zeal of twenty thousand tongues,
And mailed armies move and fleets of steel

Some petty tyrant wreakful blows to deal,
No champion for us would draw a sword,
In our behalf but few would speak a word,
As if the Helots not the teachers we
Were of the human kind, not all as free.
To misery ignominy to add
The Muscovite contrives, and stories mad
Find ready ears and credence in those realms
Which darkness barbarous yet overwhelms;
Where still the knout and demon hold their sway,
Where *vodka*, priests and birch do rule the day,
Corruption doth her ugliness display.
'For Passover the Jews need Christian gore.'
Thus rings the hellish lie for evermore,
A calumny among the Heathens spread
Who Gentiles hating, thus their hatred fed;
These Gentiles now to hate the Jew prefer,
As shows this story of our messenger.

XII.

"It was a milder breath that took the place
Of winter's gloomy all-congealing face;
The north wind yielded to the southern breeze,
The coldest night did scarce the waters freeze,
And melting swam the snow and burst the ice
And made cascade and river roar and rise;
Reviving nature brighter hopes did bring,
It was the midst of March, the morn of spring;
The season when the Hebrews had their yoke
In Egypt by twelve score of wonders broke.
The eve was young; an hour ago the sun
Descended and in darkness lay Kherson
Upon the Dnieper's fertile banks. Along
The stream from every station rang the song
Where raftsmen, sailors, pilots nightly throng

To spend a mirthful hour beyond the fogs
 Of misty river life and grim *porogs*.
 Within the town some windows bright with glare
 Bespoke the celebration high and rare
 Of that miraculous, divine event
 Which all a people's slavish chain has rent,
 And all an army buried in the sea
 That froze and fused for sake of liberty!
 The eve advanced and all the light and sound
 Gave room to dark and quietude around,
 Save distant in a homely dwelling, there
 Was light and life and one could singing hear.
 The rabbi at his table richly set
 Did read and sing and had his eyeballs wet,
 When to his dearest wife and children he
 The wonders told how Israel was free,
 And could adore and glorify the One—
 Old Israel, and Israel alone!
 Now startled by a sudden heavy knock
 The minister doth hasten to unlock
 The door; he opes, he stares, he looks around;
 There is no soul, but near him on the ground
 He puzzled sees a mass of white which, wild
 With dread, he lifts and holds—a murder'd child!
 The terror-stricken couple know their lot,
 The rabble, the police are on the spot,
 And through the night resounds the frantic shout:
 'The Hebrews drink our blood there is no doubt!'
 And straight the multitude are spreading thence;
 Their trail mark fire, rape and violence;
 The rabbi and his congregation fast
 Within the prison, whither they are cast,
 The thumbscrew tortures and the knout at best
 But false confessions from the weak can wrest.
 'No, no,' the generous rabbi pleads, 'the guilt

Is sure not mine, yet let my blood be spilt;
 Before my door the murder'd child was found,
 For me to suffer these men are not bound !'
 The judge decides: The rabbi's doubtful crime
 Shall in the rigors of Siberian clime
 By him, of whom three thousand hearts were fond,
 In pits by penal labor be atoned.
 And there long seven years with heavy head,
 With wife and son he bore his lot, till dead
 One morning on his couch he slept in peace,
 A guiltless martyr, whom death brought release.
 He scarce was buried when the message came
 Which him and family did free proclaim.
 A vile apostate whom the popes have blessed
 Upon his death-bed had his crime confessed
 Of having strangled an abducted boy,
 The hated flock and pastor to destroy.
 Our guest the son is of that luckless pair,
 His mother's heart was broken in despair.
 Complying with his father's testament,
 With her at first to Palestine he went,
 And never since did he that country leave
 To which with pious love he still doth cleave."

XIII.

They spoke no more, but both departed soon
 To rest; the night grew chilly and the moon
 Still shed her splendors on the dreaming town,
 And held her rule until the graying dawn.
 Hazan's excitement kept him still awake
 When in the East the purple morn did break,
 When pale and rayless, like a cloudlet white,
 The moon retired from Aurora's sight.

Not so Ben Zion, young and vigorous;
Though much affected by the old distress,
Could yet his thought, his sentiment suppress;
And when his eye-lids and his tired sense
Bid him suspend his wake intelligence,
In passive action all his system keep,
Then could he rest, indulging balmy sleep.



Ihalia.

Thalia.

I.

Who are yon turban'd shapes with noiseless pace
In masses moving, ere the dawn yet grays,
As if they creatures were who but anight
Their secret dealings to display had right?
As by her warning hiss the chamois spreads
Alarm at the emerging foe she dreads,
And on her whistling notes the herds rely
And for their life in panting hurry fly,
So at the early Muezzin's appeal
The startled Moslems all the pathways fill,
In crowds proceed to reach the mosque's fold,
Where basins vast the crystal waters hold.
In these the faithful lave their feet, and straight
Upon the sanctuary's floor the great
And mighty Allah prostrate they adore,
The Prophet worship and the saints implore.

II.

Receding tremulously from the east
The sable dark, dissolving light a mist,
Leaves clear the Orient coloring and bright,
The golden beams disperse the shades of night.
From Neptune's bosom sweet Aurora springs,
Deriding crowns and diadems of kings;

The rocks, the trees, the turrets glare with hues
Celestial mirror'd by the sparkling dew,
Which bathing hang on every blade and leaf,
A sea of pears, a thirsting world's relief.
Enravishing the skylark's matin lay
With spellful ecstasy salutes the day.
In awful splendor wrapt the glorious sphere
In full now rises, and night's dusky rear
Doth from the clear horizon disappear.
From slumbers roused afoot is man and beast,
Though all not happy, yet refreshed at least
By sleep's delicious balm, and in their scope
Embrace once more uneasiness and hope;
But scanty still the people of the town
Are seen in Tangier marching up and down;
At home the Moor his fragrant coffee sips,
The cup in hand, Allah upon his lips;
He is preparing for the day's fatigues
By coffee, rice, and bread, by milk and figs;
He works not hard, on wealth he is not bent,
He takes life easy; he is indolent.

III.

Near such a home a youth devoid of mirth
Was just observed; he was a Moor by birth,
Of noble station and possessions rich;
He felt a passion for the charming witch
Whose beauteous look his feeling did enchant;
He time and gold to reach her vainly spent;
Poor Hadgi by false Thara was decoyed,
And there embittered stood the youth, annoyed.
"Shall I the rumor trust? It is not true—
I love the Jewess, but she loves the Jew.
I wish I could that Hebrew send to hell,
Or be myself the happy infidel!"

The angry lad repeatedly exclaimed,
And in his gloom he Sol and Thara named ;
Thara he at her door would gladly see,
To free his mind from dark despondency ;
Her door now open'd and herself appeared,
Her tidings brought the worst the youth had feared ;
A chilly current through his body ran
When thus the female cunningly began :

IV.

“The morn give comfort to thy generous heart ;
May never pleasure from thy soul depart,
Nor strength be wanting in thy faithful breast
Should with Misfortune thou be bound to wrest !
Though sad the news, the rumor is yet true
That lovely Sol an infidel did woo ;
Still Allah trust, Allah can wonders do ;
For who but he could save her from the snare
Of infidels ? A wonder must occur
Or thou wilt lose in her a prospect sweet,
And I a friend whose equal none can meet.
To thee but half the treasures in the maid
Her outward graces partly have display'd ;
She doth not bodily alone excel
The beauteous faithful and the infidel ;
But in the rare endowments of her mind
A husband will a mine of riches find,
A sensible, exalted, upright heart,
Of all the finest qualities a part ;
Though feminine, yet resolute in all,
Had she in Eden dwelt, how could she fall !
A Jewess born and by a Hebrew bred,
She of our conversation cut the thread
The moment I to faith allusion made
Or her to catch some subtle scheme have laid,

She always thwarting my intended course
 By cutting short the pertinent discourse.
 'Why on such topics fruitlessly debate
 And thus impair our friendship intimate?
 Thy people and their creed I never blamed ;
 Nor could I of my parents be ashamed
 Who have inherited a faith intense,
 A proud belief of spreading excellence.
 Disdain not those who in the sun believe,
 If thou dost kneel before the star of eve ;
 Without these orbs our planet would be poor,
 And so this earth without the Jew and Moor ;
 All true religion is the spirit's food,
 The scourge of evil and the fount of good.'
 So spoke the Jewess and I pondered mute,
 Who could attempt that maiden to refute?
 If such a mind a Hachuel can breed
 Why should quagmires not sweet lilies feed?
 To persuasion Sol will hardly yield,
 A surer plan Allah to me reveal'd
 When scheming I a sleepless night have spent
 And tearful prayers to the heavens upsent.
 A net we spread the golden fish to lure,
 Success may crown our work, we try it sure ;
 And should against us tend the highest Will
 We risk our best with hardiness and skill."

v.

"I risk'd, I risk'd," the tortured lover cries,
 "I risk'd my flocks, my herds, I risk'd my eyes,
 But even if I had to risk a throne
 The chances are, alas, all lost and gone,
 And what I deem'd a conquer'd goal at first
 Was but a bubble, and I see it burst !
 Oh cruel tongue that highly speaks of her

Whose name, whose loss this bosom with despair
Doth fill, not steel'd aggression's blast to brave!
Why praise the dearest features in the grave
To wrested hearts, when every praising sound
Adds but a torment, adds a bleeding wound?
Sol never can be mine, deceive me not,
A rayless vista is my dreary lot ;
The creeping hours, the days I hate to see
By flinty heavens dialed sluggishly
Love's writhing disappointments to prolong!
Oh, stupid rustic that I am ! Whose wrong
Is't when on female's promise I did count,
Myself not daring to approach the fount
And quench my raging thirst by force or snare,
Instead of whining thus in vain despair!
Thy word, deceitful woman, did I trust,
Thou feeding me with falsehoods to the last,
Abusing thus my unsuspecting youth--
My confidence in thee, my faith in truth!
Henceforth why loathe the faithless infidel
When he for lucre his honesty doth sell?
Insinuating thou didst in me nurse
A hopeless passion but to fill thy purse
With what I freely gave ; thou art the curse
Of my interminable pains. But hear
And shudder if accessible to fear
Is such a callous, menial mind as thine ;
I swear by Mecca's sanctity and shrine--
By yonder heavens vaulting overhead--
By great Allah, by *Monkir's* awful dread--
As long as this my breast can vengeance feel,
This grip can wave a bare, dissecting steel,
No infidel shall hug the Jewish maid ;
Into his breast I plunge the deathful blade,
And hurl him headlong to the realms of shade!

With red Simoom I grapple for the belle
And would the powers beard of darkest hell,
If at such cost I could her in a bower
Enjoy myself not longer than one hour!
Thy shameful guilt and treason, treacherous drab,
Shall not unpunish'd pass; thee first I stab,
Thee, temptress of my youth and innocence;
Thee first I to the dust consign, and hence
Myself I for the grave-yard pave my way,
A raving maniac here I would not stray!"
And Thara, dreading his ferocious wrath,
The frantic lover thus appeasing quoth:

VI.

"Allay thy wrath, hot-headed boy, and smooth
Thy clouded forehead, unbecoming youth
And rank. Too precious is the hour, and haste
Bids me endure the spleen of thy distaste;
I scarce a second can afford to waste.
Thou dost my honor and my conscience blot,
Thy arrows reach me but they hurt me not.
Who did what in my power lay. Should I
For thee unheard-of obstacles defy,
And, combating the elements and storm,
Perhaps, our Prophet's miracles perform?
I have a plan, and judge if placid sense
Can more devise than ruffled vehemence.
The maiden granting my requested boon
Will be my visitant this afternoon;
Meanwhile the Pasha's aid I must secure
Before into the trap I her allure;
I him beseech and his assistance sue,
He sure will help when I him interview,
And state my reasons and the holy case.
I am prepared the perils all to face

To let thee have the long'd-for sweet embrace."
The wily female on her purpose bent
The youth forsakes who stares with wonderment
At what the wreckful guiler plans in mind;
He stupified remains a while behind
Pursuing with his eye the way she takes,
He murmurs, swears, he starts and doubting shakes
His head.

VII.

Now high above horizon's line
The radiant orb of day doth roll and shine,
Reclaiming man to active life and care;
But beast and plant not half his troubles bear
In that benignant, fruitful atmosphere
Where hill and mead the sweetest herbage rear.
The heifer from her fold's enclosure freed
In prancing fleetness emulates the steed;
The fleecy flocks and horned cattle spread
On reeky verdures by a Bedouin led;
Diffusing fragrance sweet the flowers unbosom,
The fig-tree, orange, and the citron blossom,
All turning grateful to the light of day,
While to the eye they all the hues display.
The patient haunted by nocturnal sights
A thankful look doth turn toward the heights
Whence blessings hail and flows the golden beam,
Of life and happiness the blessed stream.

VIII.

Before his mansion's gate the Pasha proud
In mien and hearing stands, watching the crowd
Toward the vast bazaar advancing; there
To buy and sell their goods, or see the ware
Of foreign lands exhibited for sale

They meet. The titled Moor with visage pale
 And costume flowing, bright and picturesque
 Contrasts with muffled forms in garbs grotesque;
 With females veil'd, wearing huge hats of straw;
 Half-naked bands of savage look and brow
 Bare-headed mounted ride on ass or mule,
 A basket on each side hangs, as a rule,
 Of chickens, greens, or other victuals full.
 The Moslem owner shaven hath his hair,
 Except a lock by which Mohammed's care,
 Who gives the beauteous women in the skies,
 Shall lift from dust him into Paradise.
 Of these a number hold with eager ear
 The story-teller's wondrous tales to hear
 Of brave Aladdin's magic lamp and ring,
 The dark genii who served him as their king.
 In cloak of blue with hood and cap of red
 The brawny warrior stands in awful dread,
 And views the charmer knelt upon the ground
 With hissing snakes whose volumes gird him round.
 But hither not her evil-forging mind
 Doth lead that female of the basest kind;
 Toward the Pasha's gate she wends her pace
 Whom thus accosting she doth boldly face :

IX.

"Allah his blessings on thee hail adown,
 Thou potent ruler of this fairest town!
 To thee for help I look to save a soul
 From that perdition where the demons howl;
 From gulfs of fire, horrid abysses drear,
 Where hundred-headed monsters gnash and tear;
 Where *Nakir* over sinners power wields
 Expelled forever from Elysian fields.
 A Jewess young and lovely yearning longs

To join great Allah's ever-faithful throngs,
 To pray and worship, live and die with us,
 The Koran's lore revere, the *muttor* was
 Respect, when they the tardy faithful press
 Within the *jamia* their sins confess.
 But pilgrims who *Hedjaz* thro' Sahara seek
 Less dreadful Samiel fear than she, too meek
 And timid, trembles with unfounded fright
 Lest with a rope the infidels at night,
 As *Issa* once they to a pole did fix,
 Might strangle her and with the dust her mix.
 To wed a Jew they now would her compel ;
 She is the daughter of old Hachuel,
 Who, knowing her intent, would in his rage
 Remind her of her wrathful parentage,
 If thou wilt thy protection not accord.
 Thy mightiness, thy influence, thy word,
 Would keep the gnashing infidels aloof
 When she a refuge seeks beneath my roof
 To-day, ere she in marriage chain'd is to
 A man she hates. Since years of nature true
 And noble her I found, and through my word
 I touched in her soul a heavenly chord ;
 For cautiously I threw the heavenly seed
 Until it riping took the shape of creed ;
 And now thy help and friendship both we need !"
 With lying artfulness the female moves
 The ruling Moor who thus her scheme approves.

X.

"By duty bound and faith I lend my aid
 To shield and harbor the inspired maid,
 Whose inspirations all the saints must laud ;
 Within these walls the girl shall find abode
 And treated be as one of those I love,

So Allah wills and Prophet throned above!
Encouraging receive the lass, and say
That her deliverence I effect to-day,
Even at once, if thou dost deem it wise;
I need not long effective means devise,
But send a force who from her parents' house
Will tear the maiden, even from her spouse.
Yet have her in thy might I do prefer,
In ambush shall an escort wait for her
And, at thy hint, they hither bring her straight,
I will her welcome at my friendly gate.
The *imans*, *cadis* I at once convene,
Allah imploring we the task begin."

XI.

The Pasha ends, the traitress bows and parts
To forge deep sorrows for so many hearts ;
An inward whisper with herself doth fret,
She feels remorse and cowardly regret ;
Before her door she pensive holds a while
Reflecting on the issues of her guile.
"Too late, too late, I cannot back, must on ;
The evil work can never be undone!"
This Thara utters, and resolves to be
The fiend of lies and vilest infamy.
Even as famish'd shark in ocean's deep
Doth prawning jaw and eye wide open keep,
And restless roam till victims huge and small
To his mad gluttony a prey do fall,
So nursing evil Thara here and there
Was lurking round her house, as if in her
The evil-one was swaying paramount,
And she impatient did the seconds count,
Dividing her from that depraved delight
Which murderers derive from victims' fright.

Across the narrow lane the maiden just
Appeared, a laden tray in hand that must
Contain some token of a friend's esteem,
Some dainty presents offer'd to redeem
The anguish of two loving friends who part
With cheerless look, with tears and sighing heart.
All happiness and glee Sol at the door
Was kindly met by the enticing Moor ;
The maiden smilingly the load presents
And thus her overflowing gladness vents.

XII.

"Here, take thy share, dear friend, and taste at least
A trifle of our joyous, happy feast,
This welcome feast delivering the maid
From close confinement—from the rafters' shade.
Oh, what a lucky creature am I now
Since such a youth to me in love doth bow,
In life and death the mine to be doth vow ;
A youth of wisdom, manliness, and health,
Of noble parentage and steady wealth!
Alone his wealth and wisdom would scarce move
In me such gleeful joyance, but his love
Poetic and his yearning soft and deep,
Who could with sympathy for him not weep!
He out of town from love's oppressions fled
And sighing in the orange groves he shed
That briny flood, which, flowing from the eye,
Alleviates the pain and thaws the sigh,
But ever swells and circulates anew ;
And he is one of the enamored few
Who longing mix their tears with crystal dew
And make a secret of their tender pain
Until resistance yields to love's domain.
It is our lot, oh friend, to be transferr'd

Oftimes, like heifers of a fattened herd,
 To men unfeeling, weak, and powerless,
 Imperious at home; who naught possesses,
 Except the lordling's proneness to oppress
 The luckless one who for the length of life
 Is bound to them, the starving, helpless wife.
 But my beloved in Europe long remained,
 Where woman's dignity is not disdained;
 Where she not subject lives to gross neglect,
 Full liberty enjoys and mark'd respect,
 As fits her sacred, though dependent state,
 Her manifold complaints, unenvied fate.
 But as no cloudless May is given here,
 No light without a shade to interfere,
 So on my soul some gloomy thoughts intrude
 Which perfect gladness from my breast preclude.
 New duties to the old are added now
 That I this change of state must undergo;
 Henceforth thy friend is not alone nor free
 To seek the pleasures of thy company;
 Our law commands that with his wedded bride
 The spouse a year continuously abide;
 This makes their happiness, their bond complete;
 That is why brides with friends so seldom meet."

XIII.

"I do thy destiny lament," now said
 The guilty female to the harmless maid,
 "Created to impose by grace and sense,
 To live and move in regal affluence,
 Surrounded by obeying slaves and maids,
 Extoll'd by titled men of highest grades!
 But no, the swan, majestic though and proud,
 Not more is than the cackling goose endow'd.
 Who is thy bridegroom whom thy Jews proclaim

A man of wealth, of wisdom and of name?,
A vagabond, a homeless refugee,
Like all the Hebrews wandering is he,
Not quite a slave, yet neither is he free,
Nor owes allegiance to some lord or throne;
Of all the vagrants he at best is one.
And tell me why the people deem him wise,
Doth Allah he or Prophet recognize?
Say not his friends that all gods he defiles
Who at *Mokammed Moussa, Issa*, smiles?
That with no faith his temper can agree,
That what he utters is sheer blasphemy?
To such a man thy self thou dost confide,
Such is thy bridegroom, overhappy bride.
Would not this country's poorest beggar be
A nobler match than such a lad for thee.
With talents gifted thou dost reason scorn
And wastest youth and beauty yet unworn,
As if in mire to wallow thou wast born.
Why, Sol, believe in things which nations mock,
Why be a sheep of that detested flock
Who live unfriended on this sunny soil,
Of every Moor the undisputed spoil,
When with one step thou may'st wipe out the blot,
When with the faithful thou canst cast thy lot,
And with the wretched never weep and groan,
Why suffer where thy birth has cast thee down?
Allah himself in visiting with woes
And impotence the infidels, our foes,
Who sneak and cringe and kiss the scourging lash,
Like slaves estranged from a decent blush,
Doth palpably thy people's blindness show.
Did ever beings hold such station low
As those of whom thy knight is one? Admit
Thy error, Sol, I'll save thee from that pit

Of blackness waiting elsewhere for thy race ;
 Obey thy friend, and Allah let us praise,
 Who in thy favor many souls did move ;
 Thus of my plan thou shalt this time approve.
 But few the moments smiling on our fate,
 Who lets them slip will cry 'It is too late.'
 Speak forth, oh girl, wilt thou a chance reject
 That lifts thee high to the divine Elect?
 A noble Moor thy lover has become,
 And bids thee all his wealth, himself, his home,
 An Eden in this land, a future grand,
 A faith, a God—this youth give straight thy hand,
 Thy heart, oh bring this sacrifice at once;
 Say 'Yes,' it is the happiest, best response!"
 With indignation burning, wroth to hear
 The glossy temptress thus her faith with sheer
 Maliciousness assail, her lover mock
 As one of a despised, slavish flock ;
 Sol Hachuel in nervous, seething words
 The female's biting onset thus retorts.

XIII.

"I deem myself too ignorant and weak
 Of revelations, mysteries to speak ;
 Man's destiny and impulse here to sound.
 The inconsistencies which him surround
 Have baffled greater minds than thine and mine;
 Wilt thou, perchance, unveil the ends divine
 In tracing life's perplexities and goal?
 Not thine is, woman, that exalted soul
 Destined immortal truths here to reveal!
 Of lower sort is thy fanatic zeal
 That would by wreckage, crime, and blood convert
 The world to welter in immoral dirt ;
 Delight in wringing hearts that not with thee

Would hate and slay, and nurse polygamy!
The true, the beautiful, the good will spread
Without the fire, sword, and heaps of dead,
Which mark the track of thy blood-thirsty gods
Who fiercely rule with chains and cruel rods ;
Nor can their heartless votaries relent
In crimeful hatred—their sole argument.
The nations name, who principles disdain
Like ours, sublime, instructive and humane,
Foreign to thee and thine, it is too plain!
But if there millions live who manifest
Their loathing for a sect they all detest,
Thy sect they loathe, presumptuous woman, learn,
Thy pirate sect, who ravish, slay, and burn!
Allah doth give you power to oppress
My undefended brethren in distress,
This should convince me that my people bleed
Because they love their God and scorn thy creed ;
Such insolence assassins oft display
Claiming that Heaven inspired them to slay
Some helpless man, who was not good, they say.
Not all the crowds who throng the Moslem's fold
Are blest with health, prosperity and gold ;
But they, as we and all, are mortal—hence
Exposed to sickness, famine, pestilence,
To want and hateful tyranny abject ;
Such is the bliss of thy divine Elect !
Thou hast a home and we, 'tis true have none,
Have enemies in every clime and zone,
Yet Israel in many realms has peace,
Our foes diminish and our friends increase.
And when a spot to rest our head beneath
The sun we could not find, no air to breathe,
No hospitable roof, who will us blame
For all a world's immortal wrong and shame!

My lover's wisdom thou canst not conceive,
He more can offer than thy priests receive,
And doth in Heaven, Virtue, Love believe.
A scion of an ancestry renown,
Who independence and one God did own,
Immortal seed on continents have thrown,
When thy imbruted forefathers in caves
Half-naked caught and chained, became the slaves
Of chieftains wild—is he whom I do love
More than a prince I could. He is above
Thy reason, friend, and is not prone
To hold the principles thy *imans* own.
But why such delicate discussion broach
And sting me to the core? Not me reproach,
Thara, if thus provoking thy discourse
A friend to use such bitter words did force.
I came not here to wound, I came to part
With one I deem'd the sister of my heart."

XIV.

Now at the guiler's signal in burst through
The door a band, and round the maiden drew
A cordon, sword in hand. Sol could not hide
Her consternation, as she petrified
There stood, a prey to overpowering fear.
Who sent, she thought, these lusty warriors here?
The change of scene, the suddenness and all
Made for a while the maiden's spirit fall.
So doth the giant snake abroad for game
Her hideous coils wind round the resting frame
Of him benighted in Brazilian glens,
Or lost in flowery forests deep and dense;
And while he of the brilliant trogon dreams,
The humming birds, whose plumage shines and gleams,
With all the beauties of the rainbow-tints,

The freakish ape that chatters, leaps, and hints;
The monster's twistings narrowing do crack
And grind each rib and bone they twist and break.
Bewildered still the maiden gazed around,
The tensive silence broke no human sound,
The warriors all, the traitress mutely stood,
Till Sol at last did speak, and this ensu'd.

XV.

"What means your presence, why in this array
With threatening arms around me do you stay,
As if to seize me hither you were sent;
Is friendly or hostile your dark intent?
No wrongs imparted haunt my peaceful sense,
No guilt, no sins oppress my conscience;
Yet me to honor you are sure not here
And I thy purpose —"

XVI.

"Calm, oh Sol, thy fear
The men are well-intentioned who are here,
Sent to promote above thy birth thee high,
To rank on earth, and save thee for the sky!"
The wily temptress interrupting speaks
With lying craftiness and brazen cheeks;
"Though piercing thou upon a noble friend
Didst all thy keen-edged irony expend.
The potent governor did no second pause
When I before him brought thy sacred cause;
His residence with generous design
He ready is to make at once it thine;
For thee I work, the glory will be mine!"

XVII.

Why did not Heaven Innocence endow,
Beside her sweetness, with a dart and bow,

Or with some latent venom, deadly sting,
She into an oppressor's flesh could fling!
Sol, was it vengeance flashing from thy gaze,
Vengeance ensuing thy profound amaze?
Oh no, not quite; who can that feeling name
Of burning vengeance mix'd with poignant shame;
Who may with calmness hear the meanest guiles
Of one who ruins, stabs and stabbing smiles!
Her mother's warning now lorn Sol torments;
Too late her disobedience she repents.

XVIII.

“Oh mother, mother, how thy Sol was blind
To trust a traitress whom no oath could bind;
To disregard thy motherly advice,
When I did love whom I ought to despise!
Thou vile, perfidious woman, didst befoul
The sacred frindship of a loyal soul;
Thou worse than lurking tigress in the wood,
Outcast of man, disgrace of womanhood,
Rejoice not early at thy guileful scheme
I shall my innocence, my faith redeem!
Not Thara shall of Sol converter be,
Thara composed of lies and infamy!”
Resentful thus the maiden vents her ire,
Her glaring eye sends forth a piercing fire,
The guiler pale and wrathful does retire,
While round the Jewess now the soldiers close
A ring, and lead her to the Pasha's house.



Polyhymnia.

Polyhymnia.

I.

While thus accompanied, the Pasha's gate
Sol enters bitter, pale and desolate,
A mirthful crowd is flocking to her home.
Her friends, her neighbors all invited come;
In pompous headgear, dresses glittering
With gold the females thither flow and bring
Their lords in garments long, and dignified;
They bless the couple whom sweet love hath tied,
The stately bridegroom and the bonny bride.
On lowly benches seated nigh the wall
The Hebrew worthies tuning them extol,
Who more than pearls are to their partners' lives,
The bravest mothers and the truest wives;
Who with industrious hand the gain increase,
The children breed, the sires' cares release.
A room adjacent hides the fairest faces,
A joyous crowd of unadmired graces,
Who share the banquet and the cheer enhance
By song, by pantomime and nimble dance;
Themselves the music on five timbrels sound,
And sounding sing, and singing wheel around.
The wine, the dainties pass from hand to hand,
The older dames uncounted vows upsend,
And wish the pair may have good times on earth,
Before twelve months to a sweet babe give birth.

Simha their blessings thousand-fold returns,
She looks serene, but with impatience burns;
Too long appears to her the bride's delay
Who should with Thara but a moment stay;
To fetch the bridegroom Hachuel is gone,
The mother waits alarmed and alone;
Portentous fears she dares not to express,
And bears the crushing weight of mute distress.

II.

As on that memorable, dreadful day
That saw Vesuvius plunging doomed Pompeii
Into a lava-flooded, horrid night,
A town was shaking with appalling fright,
And myriads, paralyzed with terror's spell,
Benumbed sunk into the thundering hell;
So did in Simah's house the sudden news
Of Sol's calamity the guests confuse;
From every lip the word, the smile did fly,
Amazement stared in every mien and eye;
There was a pause, a pause of growing dread,
The throng looked pale, but Simha white as dead,
"Ah what! Who says it? Why the bride arrest?"
Cried here and there a startled, doubting guest,
When entering, the bridegroom with his friends,
The tidings verified. With folded hands
The whole assembly sad and silent stands,
While Simha realizing her distress
Her deep affliction moaning doth express:

III.

"And is my daughter by a ruthless foe
Constrained to break her sacred bridal vow,
And from her parents must forever go?
Or will, perhaps, upon this throbbing breast

Once more she weepin ; be a welcome guest ?
 No, no ! thus prophesies my boding soul,
 Not they return who into craters fall.
 The sun will rise and sink, and rise again,
 I shall lament and weep, but weep in vain.
 Where is our gentle bride, my friends, oh say,
 Whose joys ye came to share ? Away, away
 Is Sol, alas, a dove in vulture's claws,
 A twisted victim in a tiger's jaws.
 Shall innocence before a judge her aid
 Whom to ensnare he, sure, a scheme hath laid,
 Or agents to entrap my daughter used
 When him to follow she must have refused !
 Of wrong or guilt what knows my godly child
 Of nature sweet, of disposition mild ?
 She who for all the sinners daily pray'd,
 Her errors with remorseful sobs hath paid ;
 Who after sunset could not shut her eyes
 Till she for friend and foe besought the skies,
 She like a guilty head by fales accuse
 Delivered is to tyranny's abuse !
 Why weep ye, mothers, with your babes anigh,
 Your blooming daughters near, why weep and sigh ?
 If for my Sol your tears do flow, and me,
 Then thank you, friends, for this your sympathy ;
 But fathom not unfathomable woes,
 Not my affliction is the one that goes
 Before the breath the fleshy coil foregoes.
 Oh harsh quintessence of life's misery
 In bridal dress one's dearest child to see
 Removed by men to pity, love unknown.
 Perchance, chained into dingy darkness thrown,
 And have but wails such outrage to bemoan !
 Thou haggard Want waste not my days alone,
 Henceforth Affliction, thy companion,

Shall join thee, emaciated crab;
 Ye weave for me a melancholic web,
 A poll entwined in a darkful loom,
 Whose woof is sorrow and whose warp is gloom.
 Thou just in heavens, who thunder wield, and storm,
 The seraph's awe, Upholder of the warm,
 Thou Lord of justice, mercy, cause of light,
 Sustainer of the weak, Thou God of might ;
 If prayers of a creature thus down-trod
 May reach Thy throne, Thou greatest, only God,
 Then grant that she, who always Thee adored
 Be to her parents and her spouse restored ;
 Oh, heal my broken heart, my mind careworn,
 May she her consort's hearth, my life adorn.
 Impious though I am, and full of sin,
 Not with Sol's ruin my punishment begin ;
 If I have sinned on me Thy wrath rebound,
 Instead of her, let me bleed on the ground."

IV.

Thus weeps the mother in her deep despond,
 Her female friends her sighs and tears respond ;
 The groaning mothers Simha's pangs do share,
 But Hachuel yet far is from despair.
 Unflinching faith his trusty soul enshrines,
 His daughter's case and perils he divines ;
 Yet trusting in the sayings of the wise,
 He hopes that men through trials higher rise ;
 And though he feels in him a father's love,
 He for salvation turns his eye above.
 In speechless grief him next stands gray Hazan
 Whose loving eye the bridegroom's features scan ;
 He in the parents' whelming pains partakes,
 Sol's dire calamity his system shakes
 And in him olden memories awakes.

Ben Zion inly glows with love and rage,
He lacks the prudence and the calm of age,
But not the power passions to suppress,
He sighs, he groans and such is his address :

v.

“Why stand we idly thus, my friends and sire,
And not against conspiracy conspire?
Shall we inactive, cowardly, and mute
The lustful tyrant not his pray dispute,
And undefended let the winsome bride
Such unexampled detriment betide?
If brutal force by force we cannot meet
There are yet means vile projects to defeat;
There is the solemn protest of the bold,
Undaunted man, there is bewitching gold
Which, proffered, Bedouin and Pasha charms,
Their bigotry subdues, their hate unarms.
Therefore, oh, father, ere protest we try,
Let us doubloons in Sol’s behalf apply,
And thus the tears in many eyes will dry.
For well-bestowed is every sacrifice,
That gains for us the precious earthly prize,
For thee a daughter dutiful and fair,
For me a hope to save me from despair.
Nor wealth for which a greedy world doth race,
Nor anything the crowds deem worth the chase,
Could my unmitigated ills remove
Should I reduced be to resign my love,
And see my Sol no more on earth, no more
The only being I fervidly adore!
Oh what can gold afford to one aggrieved
Who stands about all phantoms undeceived!
No bleeding soul, nor mind with pains inflamed,
Nor weeping innocence by lust defamed,

Nor loss of beings dear can gold restore,
Nor wipe out vice the wisest men deplore ;
While happy we can make the starving poor,
Avert the reckless hatred of the Moor
By giving him what he would rob perforce ;
This is my view, and such should be our course.”
With willing sense the sire approves the plan
And thus the answer made by kind Hazan :

IV.

“What of my earnings I have laid aside
I offer to redeem our virtuous bride ;
I hasten to prepare a heavy roll
Of Spanish gold we tender for our Sol.
Meanwhile you toward the Pasha’s gate proceed,
The case requires unremitting speed ;
And full acquaintance with the dark concern
May hasten our success and Sol’s return.
Forbid it Heaven that we in darkness grope,
Decisive steps will realize our hope
If, knowing of the cruelty the cause,
We of our means conformably dispose.
Our dearest guest will us his wisdom lend
And help us thus our daughter to defend,
And for the rest we on the One rely ;
The might is His, for us remains to try !”

VII.

He leaves in haste, in haste the others part,
All gnawed by grief, though full of hope they start,
And face, ere long, the Pasha’s hateful gate
Which holds from them the maiden separate.
To Hachuel the portals and the wall,
That keeps his child enclosed, seem like a pall
Behind which rest the bloodless features sweet

Of her whom he beyond the grave shall meet
 In garbs angelic and in bliss divine.
 He knows not why his child he doth resign,
 But inly hears: "On earth she is not thine."
 Unmanly from his eyes a torrent breaks,
 His wretched state mild self-compassion wakes;
 That grizzled head that never shed a tear,
 That bore life's bitterness throughout the year,
 And blessing trusted the Supreme above,
 Cannot restrain a parent's weeping love,
 Which unresisted wrings his heaving breast
 By doubt and fear, by omens ill oppress'd.
 Oh worst of evils, agonies intense
 To men unknown who in their feeling sense
 Have never felt the torments of suspense!
 But he who, straying on the leaping sprays,
 Of raging surges with his dearest stays,
 And shudders lest against a treacherous rock
 His vessel dashing might receive the shock,
 Which him and them might shivering through the
 waves
 Send headlong to uncoffined, watery graves,
 But he, whom such impending ruin scares,
 May comprehend what such a parent bears.

VIII.

Elias knows what all his friends endure,
 Elias generous, wise, resigned, and pure,
 Refers the father to all heavens' Lord,
 And for the youth he likewise hath a word:
 "When I behold the little good the rich
 By deeds of charity and goodness preach;
 How often man from sorrows freed and sighs
 Claims for his skill what he owes to the skies;
 Thinks all that *is* will once he past and gone,

But he and what he hath survive alone;
When I this folly everywhere descry
I for adversity beseech the sky,
Adversity which souls doth purify,
And teacheth man, when pains him overcome,
That not below but elsewhere is his home.
The tempest-beaten oak the storm can stand,
Which sweeping elements against it send,
And by its side the sapling should acquire
The strength to brave the cyclone's hurling ire!"
Ben Zion heeds not what the sage doth say,
Revenge and love his mind and bosom sway;
Amid a crowd before the oaken gates
His father's presence glowing he awaits;
An armed guard the entrance holding bars
The way and threatens him who nearing dares
Admittance claim. Impatient kens the son
Till many voices call: "There comes Hazan!"

IX.

"Momentous news I for the Pasha bear,
The great affair demands immediate care,
A second's loss might harm the cause, proceed
At once, this will reward thy grateful speed!"
Hazan thus panting to the guarding chief,
Who nods compliance and conveys the brief;
The governor much concerned the message learns,
With granted leave the chief at once returns
To bring Hazan and those he might prefer
To follow him. The son, the messenger,
And Haim Hachuel with boding fear
Behind the massy portals disappear.

X.

"Who are those other Jews, Hazan, with thee?"
The moody Pasha asks imperiously.

"I first myself intended here to come
 And thee entrust this pretty heavy sum
 I would not hold at my unguarded home.
 An incident, meantime, did intervene,
 My unique son a maiden's heart did win,
 This day the nuptials we do solemnize;
 But fancy our unspeakable surprise
 To see unpitied from the bridegroom's side
 By violence removed the happy bride.
 A Moslem friend a while she went to see,
 And thence escorted she was led to thee,
 The reason is, we guess, some calumny.
 Her sire here disconsolate doth stand,
 This learned sage comes from the Promised Land,
 This youth, the partner of the maid, my son,
 But shortly reached our shore from Albion,
 To hymenean rites this day is given
 To holy matrimony dear to heaven.
 My age and station trust, oh mighty Lord,
 The frightened girl her freedom do accord,
 And I with what I am and have shall face
 Whatever may prove hurtful in the case!"
 The Pasha ever ready Jews to curse
 Seems mild; he smiling takes the offered purse;
 But, while he speaking thus his mind avows,
 He undiminished acrimony shows:

XI.

"On my impartial measures, Jews, rely,
 But justice' course I dare not to defy.
 To me and all the *cadis* of this place
 Of grave importance seems the present case;
 They summoned come to hear, to judge, decide
 If right be Thara or the angry bride.
 But justice, I affirm, as Alcoran

Imposes on the faithful, shall be done
To her, who now, methinks, tries to unsay
What to a woman she confessed this day.
As ye are here you may the court attend,
But let the maid her guiltlessness defend,
Disprove the charges of a witness pure
And faithful, or her parents' creed abjure!"
Then turning round he leaves the Hebrews mute
With stupifying wonder, to salute
The coming judges, clad in dazzling white,
In flowing shawls and turbans huge and bright,
While Hachuel stands like a child benumbed
By pealing thunderbolts and lightning dumb.
So looks a man who storm and night doth flee,
Who in a cavern seeks tranquility,
And as the morning grays finds it a den
Of grizzly reptiles, who are death to men;
He terror-stricken stares with bristling hair
And dares nor bide, nor fly the horrid lair.

XII.

Upon a rug within a spacious room
The *cadis* summoned to pronounce the doom
Of Sol, are cross-legg'd seated all composed
In earnest look and mien, as if disposed
The vengeful parties equally to treat
Who in a moment shall contending meet.
They deign the Hebrews not a friendly glance;
Contemptuously they look at them askance
Who close together keep themselves aside;
The Pasha ov'r the court they see preside
And hear him thus the *cadis'* judgment guide:

XIII.

"Ye reverent sages of our holy lore,
Who praise the Prophet and Allah adore,

Impartial wisdom may your judgment guide,
 With truth inspire this high case decide.
 There stands the Jew whose daughter in converse
 With Thara de Mesmudi oft and terse
 Expressed her inward longing and her need
 To be elated by a truer creed
 Than that her birth did on her soul impose.
 And friendly Thara, to promote her cause,
 In pleading voice to me for help appeals,
 The state of things she clear to me reveals;
 I for the Jewess sympathy conceive,
 And in my house I promise to receive
 The maiden yearning for the blessed skies,
 Who, being here, her sacred vow denies.
 Both do persist that all they state is truth,
 Thara is old, the maid in prime of youth;
 The one our faith, our holy faith doth pledge,
 The other owns a faithless parentage;
 Whom shall the benefit of credence we
 Accord, whom brand with falsehood, infamy?
 Of course, you hear them both, reflect, consult,
 And then announce your wisdom's true result.
 Sheik, the parties summon and straightway
 Let justice exercise her mighty sway!"

XIV.

As pitmen startled by a rumbling crush
 With winged haste toward the outlets rush,
 But find the shafts by rocky fragments blocked,
 Themselves alive in dreadful graves inlocked;
 They gaze aghast with wild, terrific fear,
 And scarce do hope again to reappear
 On earth to breath once more the vital air
 Of day, so huge was Hachuel's despair
 When he the governor heard his child denounce

And subtly in advance her doom pronounce.
 And when the women entering he did see,
 Fair Sol in chains, the false accuser free,
 Affliction's fiercest arrow struck his heart,
 Within his breast he felt the mortal dart
 Of unexpressed wretchedness and woe,
 Which at the inmost vitals knock and gnaw.
 "Wilt thou; oh faithful 'Thara, what this morn
 Thy lips have uttered of the maiden born
 And bred to be an outcast infidel,
 Wilt thou repeat what she so oft did tell
 About her longing, purpose, and intent,
 About her inspirations heaven-sent?
 Speak unreserved, thy words the *cadis* trust,
 Speak all the Jewess told thee in the past,
 In confidential, kindly intercourse.
 To thy conceiving memory recourse
 Have; fix the date, the hour, for it behooves
 To back thy words with clear, convincing proofs!"
 Thus evidence convictive to provoke
 The unmoved Pasha to the traitress spoke,
 Who, unconfounded, Truth and Sol defied,
 And thus with lying subtlety replied:

XV.

"So may great Allah this girl inspire now
 As she to worship Him on earth did vow,
 Confiding to my bosom what her soul
 Was yearning for beneath as highest goal.
 'Enough have I,' she lately said to me,
 'Of such a life and such a destiny
 Of beasts more worthy than of man with thought
 Endowed. By shame and misery untaught
 My nation many a useless battle fought
 Unmeaning customs to uphold and laws,

Which creeds embitter, multiply our foes,
 Estranging us from every soil and rule,
 A homeless tribe, the butt of ridicule
 Relentless persecutions we endure,
 Degrading, slavish treatment cannot cure
 A stiff-necked race as was and is the mine,
 Who in their whims behold a will divine,
 And to a future look that shall redeem
 Benighted millions from a fate so grim.
 Where is a man, a people here to meet
 Devoid of joy and recollections sweet,
 Whose study is, oppression to elude,
 Who pass a life of dreary solitude?
 By inauspicious powers in the past
 My shipwrecked race, as by the autumn's blast
 The withered leaves, were scattered round the earth;
 As aliens hated in their place of birth
 Some Pharoah they found on every soil,
 A Goshen and a yoke of crushing toil!
 Therefore, if I by argument could free
 My brethren from demeaning slavery,
 My weakness would not hesitation be;
 But action prompt would their deliverance cause,
 And thus secure thy sisterly applause;
 Then one would be our faith, but one our heart,
 In life and death we then would never part.
 But should my neck I risk and daring rouse
 Against me furies in my parents' house,
 Six thousand Hebrews with revenge inspire,
 Who would our hearth beleaguer, sting my sire,
 And torture him until he would succeed
 In wrecking me, desertrice of his creed?
 I watching wait for some propitious day,
 The chance will come, Allah will lead the way!'

Such was her speech, oh holy *imans*, such

Her frequent topic, which my soul did touch,
Inciting me the Pasha's help to gain—
Allah is great, my pleading proved not vain;
And there she hears who surely will confirm
Her sacred vow, the truth of every term!"
Now Sidi Mamed at Velus did rise
Unable his abhorrence to disguise
Of infidels Mohammed taught to hate;
He fiercely looked, and opened the debate:

XVI.

"Ye mates of my vocation, friends revered
Convened to judge the weighty case we heard;
What could disprove the truth a faithful heart
Thus forcibly to Moslems doth impart?
Consider and decide, the witness said
The truth, why listen to the Jewish maid,
Or hear the contradictions and the views
Of yonder unreliable band of Jews?
The maiden's confirmation I should hail,
But her denial is of no avail,
Her testimony being valueless.
And this is the conviction I profess:
The Jewess trained among the false and blind,
The Jewess vowed but modified her mind;
This frames the base on which I take my stand.
The Jewess mock'd the statues of our land,
Derided what the Mussulman reveres,
Beguiled friendship, as it clear appears;
And thus, according to the code we rate,
Not less than death can be her earned fate
Unless her vow she will not violate."

XVII.

As doth the swimmer bathing in the Nile
Behold with awe the yawning crocodile,

And fancy, ere he feels the horrid jaws,
 That he to fly has neither chance nor cause;
 So Hachuel when *death* did strike his ear
 Nor speech could wield, nor strength to stand and hear
 His daughter's undeserved cruel doom.
 Before his vision spread a night of gloom,
 His eyes grew dim, his limbs declined to serve,
 His knees did quiver and his frame did swerve.
 But thou Hazan, compassionate, aggrieved,
 Had not thy care thy fainting friend relieved
 He swooning would lay prostrate on the ground;
 Thy arm doth timely grasp his waist around
 And by a word thou dost his sense restore.
 He broken-hearted, though, as heretofore,
 Astonished sees how the wise messenger
 Protesting straight, undaunted doth declare
 The flagrant wrong the Pasha doth commit.
 His quiet gait, his countenance wisdom-lit,
 His hoary locks, his manly look and port,
 As he advancing speaks, impose the court.

XVIII.

"With patience hear me, *cadis*, who debate
 The case expounded by the magistrate
 Of this important bomb-defying town
 As prosperous, magnificent renown.
 Unprejudiced, methinks, the judges should
 For justice' sake, accord fair latitude
 To the accusant and to the arraigned;
 If one is free, the other why is chained?
 Let both the parties equally be free,
 As doth befit fair impartiality.
 My head in Palastine grew old and gray,
 Whose people Stamboul's lofty throne obey;
 That throne, surrounded by a great *Divan*,

Since wise Saladdin immortal Solyman
Was consecrated by impartial laws
Affording toleration and repose
To all the races, tribes and creeds within
The empire; for millions prosper in
The midst of undisturbing Ottomans,
Who would their helpful neighbors not force hence
By violent abuse to emigrate,
To seek in friendly climes a milder fate
And thus their realm's extent depopulate;
They would not with industrious masses see
Depart their riches and prosperity.
How could a stranger in a land remain
Who, when accused, pleads innocence is vain,
Where out of malice or some trivial cause
A base imposter 'gainst him may impose
And thus deceive the judges and the laws,
While the defendant has no voice, no right
For reputation and his life to fight?
Against such tyranny mankind would rage,
An unrelenting war a world would wage
Inexorable foes to extirpate,
Who rancor foster and inhuman hate!
No code, nor common sense, nor despot's tongue
Can sanction heaven-crying, harmful wrong!
Without two witnesses no power can
Condemn an innocent, protesting man,
Else spiteful natures could swift ruin bring
On those they disposition feel to sting.
Thus ere the verdict, worthy *cadis*, you
Pronounce, the case with earnest sense review,
When you shall find an unsubstantial base
On which ye can scarce found a shade of case.
The witness and accuser stand alone,
Implicit credence justice gives to none.

The charges brought against the virtuous bride
By her remain persistingly denied;
There is no guilt, scarce evidence to face;
Trust not in all a zealous woman says,
And out of naught create no weighty case!"

XIX.

Elias thus the twaddling judge confronts
And indirectly all the court he taunts
With partial justice, savage enmity,
With glaring wrong and inhumanity.
Surprise he in the *audis'* look discerns,
Disdain for every uttered word he earns,
But look for look sedately he returns;
And with unquailing soul the court beholds,
Who ominous commotion now unfolds.
Alarbi Essaido who presides
In vain his furious indignation hides,
His flaming visage inward fury shows,
Unruly his irascible temper grows.
As pupil looking for his master's help,
As to the dam upstares the hungry whelp,
Both conscious of their unsustaining state,
So gazed the Pasha mute and desolate,
Scanning the mien of all his learned friends,
On whom for timely succor he depends,
While disconcerted they each other view
With wonder struck at the untrembling Jew;
Nor see the way how they could extricate
The Pasha and themselves from this debate.
At length the chief, resolved to vent his spleen,
His fierce invective rises to begin,
When him confounding Hazan's stately heir
For Sol doth plead; he pleads for justice fair.

"Ye judges, claiming power to decide
 Unproved the maiden's case, who is my bride,
 You cannot grudge if I in her defence
 Do raise my voice, and plead for innocence;
 For urgent duty, manhood doth command,
 And love impels the dearest to defend
 When unprotected, guiltless, helpless, she
 With death is menaced and ignominy.
 He is no man who, dangers to avert,
 Can outraged womanhood and love desert.
 My bride I claim, she is by law my own,
 I am a citizen of great Albion!
 What is the crime of Sol whom you are bent
 To visit with a culprit's punishment?
 It is her faith, her birth, it is her race
 Which in your mind is equal to disgrace,
 Else not a woman's contradicted talk
 Could such a zealous heat in you provoke.
 Whoever knows the maiden knows too well,
 How proud Judaic feels Sol Hachuel,
 Who, rather than her sire's faith adjure,
 Is ready persecution to endure.
 And well she doth in loving what in youth
 By tender lips was preach'd to her as truth.
 Who may those sacred sentiments defile
 By mother's kisses nursed and father's smile!
 Ungrateful he, who in this life beneath
 To his descendants would not that bequeath,
 Which from departing parents he received,
 What they did worship, love, what they believed!
 I blame not man's celestial tendency
 A world-redeeming champion to be,
 To spread enlightenment's elevating seed,

To teach his fellow-man the heavenly creed
Of human brotherhood and generous deed.
Nay, noble is such heaven-pleasing aim
By word and act the erring to reclaim,
If by his means, while striving for the skies,
Man his vocation never vilifies
Diffusing light God-given by discourse
And unresisting argument, by force
Of love and charity, is glory pure
No kingly triumphs can nor time obscure.
A godlike attribute possesses man
Who with his lofty mind, his earnings can
Uncounted beings raise above the brute;
What beast can boast of such an attribute!
Jehovah gives and mortal man can give,
And be like God to him, who doth receive
The timely help from a well doing soul,
The maxims leading to the noblest goal.
But when his means, deceit and force involve,
When, counteracting difficulties to solve,
He human right and liberty invades,
Defenseless beings heartlessly degrades,
Then will eternal curse the tyrant's name
With stigma brand, a pyramid of shame
Imperishably rising on his grave
His memory forever to deprave!
No, not before tyrannic might to bow
Did Providence the race with mind endow,
With sentiments and thoughts to rise and strive
From manhood, liberty their pride derive!
Nor stern privation, nor outrageous wrongs,
Nor torture's rack, that awes the slavish throngs,
Can him induce to bear a servile lot,
Whose mind is soaring in the realms of thought.
His being's mortal part he will not save

If in a deadly combat he must brave
The base adversaries of manly right,
Of sacred principles, religious light!
Let him be silent, even if a prince,
Who can command, but knows not to convince!
If your religion be the best the true,
The one to which sole reverence is due,
Convince the world, convince myself, my bride,
And no dissension shall our faith divide.
Both, otherwise, we worship him alone
Who since eternity, we trust, is One!
A thousand witnesses I can produce
Who will annihilate the false accuse,
That Sol did ever pledge his sacred vow
Her dear inheritance thus to forego
By changing creed and race. Thus in the name
Of truth and justice I the maiden claim!
Oppress no innocence, her sex revere,
Who to defend themselves but have the fear,
And feeble word, which iron hearts persuade;
Unchain my Sol, you womanhood degrade!"

XXI.

As when a rock which engineering skill
With mountain-blasting dynamite did fill,
Is on a sudden by the kindling wire
Transformed into fragments, smoke and fire,
Which bursting everywhere create a maze
Of dusty clouds, of stones and fuseous blaze;
So burst the Pasha with delirium mad,
His limbs did quiver and he shook his head;
He lifted clinched fists; his goggling eyes
Did flame like flashes from bedimmed skies;
Defiance breathing, baneful hate in look,
He cried, he swore, and swearing, thus he shook:

"Unmannered, damned, loathful infidels
 Too bad for demon's sport within black hell's
 Profundity, ye gorillas unclean
 To honor lost, ye meaner than the mean;
 But for that justice which your lips profane,
 Our sacred justice, of your tribe the bane,
 You would the venom swallow I could give!
 Boast not of empty triumphs you achieve
 By unavailing tiresome dispute,
 As if a Jew was better than the brute
 Allah hath made the faithful to obey,
 Who may it use alive or may it slay.
 Thy Albion, young Jew, we can defy;
 Nor will she answer when a lad doth cry
 For help; she ready to protect a slave,
 Will not a Hebrew's fatal perils brave.
 And what if daring she our citadels
 Would madly thunderstrike with iron shells;
 If for a Jew those infidels would fight,
 We them to punish have as well the might.
 Our valiant warriors would their army meet,
 Our forts would silence, or destroy their fleet;
 But ere the foe we met, a shot we fired,
 A thousand victims in your midst expired.
 What gain ye, Jews, by cunning false discourse?
 Ours is the judgment, reason, ours the force.
 Infernal *Iblees* with his hellish crew
 Cannot the scorning infidel rescue,
 Who dares the Prophet and the Koran mock,
 Or pour contumely on our holy flock.
 I yield to naught, except the Koran's lore,
 That but the Moslem credence gives before
 A faithful court as witness to maintain

His testimony; the infidel's is vain.
So much I know, the *cadis* know the rest,
Who heard the witness here the truth attest,
The truth for which the Moslem wars and bleeds,
The Koran's truth unknown to other creeds!"

XXIII.

While thus the Mussulmans and Hebrews strove,
The maiden felt the deepest pangs of love,
As if the dearest she would never see,
Nor spend a day in his sweet company.
She scann'd the sire broken-hearted, bowed,
Whose blood in her transparent features flowed.
With crimson blushing was her lovely cheek
When to the court she heard her lover speak.
Though pale and trembling with profound disgust,
She to her guiler listened to the last,
And Mamed al Velus did hear with gloom
And fear pronounce her unexpected doom,
She at Elias' dignified appeal
The Semite's pride and consciousness did feel;
For on her front a pleasant brightness played
Which in her breast emotion's flow betrayed.
But as in cloudy eves the lightning's spark,
When disappearing, darker leaves the dark,
So vanish'd pleasure from the face of Sol
When, ringing through the long and spacious hall,
The Pasha's foul indignities did sound,
And did her love and faith and honor wound.
As when the timid sheep the wolf espies
And with her lambs for life and safety flies,
But overtaken she the foe defies;
Unmindful of her weakness and her end,
She with the bloody beast dares to contend,
Till torn the dam her bleating young forsakes;

So at this moment Sol no courage lacks;
Her clinking fetters in the hand she takes,
And, blushing though, she concentrated stands;
The court's attention she, her speech commands.
They stare astonished at the virgin's nerve,
Whom friend and foe with like respect observe.
Her blushing anger hath a grace that wins,
She colors, pales, and paling she begins:

XXIV.

“Blood-thirsty though the tiger Heaven framed,
He not the stag's velocity hath lamed,
Which may by flight escape the murderous claws;
Not so the Hebrew can the Moorish laws;
No right he hath to speak, no right to fly,
And when he strangled is, he must not cry;
When wolves tear lambs, the lambs may cry at least,
Will Moor be worse than this carnivorous beast?
I cannot lies, ignominy avert,
But will my innocence and faith assert.
Thus speak I will and loud my outrage state
Before resigned I meet my tragic fate.
But ere I am destroyed, before I die,
Vile Thara, to thy face I throw the lie,
The impudent, the fiendish calumny!
Thou Satan's mate consigned to blackest hell,
Thou dost in forging lies that fiend excel!
When did a syllable I speak to thee
Of what thou here didst forge to ruin me?
The hour, the moment, the occasion name,
If thou art not incapable of shame
Thy feigned attachment rating I did hear
Thy senseless prattle with a patient ear,
Nor deigned it worth the while thee to oppose,
Or by a word thy nonsense to expose;

For by indulgence mild, a sense benign
Is friendship prompted, friendship genuine.
But hours ago when, sure of thy deceit,
Thou tempting didst my love, my people hit
With piercing hatred, scorning irony,
Inviting me thy Prophet's sheep to be,
Whose was the triumph, whose the victory?
I thrice rejoined thy disdained affront,
I spurn'd thy odium, offered taunt for taunt;
Like mad hyena gnashing in a cage,
I saw thee grim with wild, delirious rage.
Thou hadst no sound my arguments to face,
No word to champion thy savage race;
But thy revenge is that debasing guile
Which doth thy origin, thy faith defile!
Before the fetich altars of thy sires,
Where human blood did nurse the livid fires,
Wouldst thou yet kneel and man would ever bleed,
If from that Moloch Hebrews had not freed
Thy ancestry, and taught them to adore
The highest Power, taught thy Karan's lore.
Yea, know, vain guiler, that thy sacred book
A Jew composed, who charitably took
A portion of my people's matchless scroll
And taught thy Prophet his redeeming roll.
I fear thy rolling eyes not, treacherous heart,
All know thy faith is but a borrowed part;
Such is my own, such is the savant's view,
Thy Koran's author was a subtle Jew.
I should apostatize if fault with mine
Belief I found and godly truth with thine;
But who enabled to approach the fount
That oozes bubbling from the cloven mount,
Will to a channel go his thirst to quench,
Of slimy mire, foul, pestiferous stench?

Ay, rule thy passions, who wouldst rule this town;
 Though Pasha thou, I dare defy thy frown;
 Thy soul is barren and thy blood is hot,
 I death contempt and fear thee, tyrant, not!
 Abuse thy power, and a girl destroy,
 May murder be thy ever-lasting joy;
 I for my honor and my God will die,
 And with my gore the One I sanctify,
 And thou shalt live to find that traitress' lie!
 But know, imperious governor, that the great
 Jehovah will this empire desolate,
 When thy descendants shall thy crimes deplore
 And prostrated they shall pay gore for gore!
 He is the One of justice and revenge,
 Who will thy sense of happiness derange,
 And smite this imprecated land with woes,
 With famine, pest, with overwhelming foes!
 Not for the Sultan's throne, imperial sway
 Would I my parents and my God betray,
 And Islam choose, a branch of Judah's tree,
 By crimes defiled, soil'd by polygamy—
 My parents, ah, from you I must depart,
 And thou, Ben Zion, sovereign of my heart!
 You will console each other, dry your tears,
 Until we meet again in yonder spheres
 Where hunted Virtue hath no bitter strife
 With all the vices of this sinful life.
 I die forgiving and, I trust, forgiven
 By all my brethren and by gracious Heaven.
 As Jephtha's daughter, with devoted mind
 I for my people's triumph die resign'd."

xxv.

Abdelkrem al Fassal, a mannered Moor
 Of wide renown, uprose to claim the floor.

Gibraltar saw he twice, he Marseilles viewed,
 Where he with outward polish was imbued;
 He thither by the Fezzian court was sent
 The Shereef's majesty to represent,
 When he successfully his country's cause
 Upheld; and since in rank and force he rose,
 He was the great Ahithophel of the realm;
 The first in council he did steer the helm
 Of state, when him the Sultan did convoke;
 The British and the Gallic tongues he spoke,
 And with Oriental earnestness combin'd
 An independent, penetrating mind;
 A bent inferior colleagues to perplex,
 And those in power unprovoked to vex.
 Unrivalled stood he in his might and wealth
 Accumulated by unpunished stealth.
 He seven wives and forty children had;
 A sumptuous but a Moslem life he led,
 And ninety slaves acknowledged him their head.
 He fields possessed, and gardens vast, and flocks,
 He wore the hue of health, though gray his locks.
 Him feared the Pasha and the *cadis* all,
 He could their state promote or cause their fall,
 And thus no breath the deepest silence broke,
 As he uprose, and stressfully he spoke :

XXVI.

"To add my voice to this dispute I rise.
 If you, my colleagues, value my advice,
 We scarce can here decide the present case
 Nor solemn protest on Sol's part efface ;
 Since we not stand the highest in the state,
 Thus prudent caution we necessitate.
 Of life and death we arbiters to be,
 It does not seem we have authority.

Even if by a witness to indict
We had a right, we cannot her convict,
And the decided punishment inflict,
Without our emperor's confirming seal,
Who might not sanction overhasty zeal.
Would great Allah had spared us such a scene
To see two wrangling women whet their spleen,
As if to capture converts was indeed
Of every true Mohammedan the creed!
As thoughtless boys encouraged by a whim,
Untaught across a river try to swim,
And midway all exhausted find too late
How much their muscle's nerve they overrate,
But struggle on while fearing to return ;
So are we fixed in this unblest concern.
Neither to free the Jewess nor to try
Her we have right; the case to specify
By writ to Fez and wait for the reply,
Or hither send the maid, I deem it wise;
Here is the pith and gist of my advice."

XXVII.

Alarbi discomposed doth meditate
How to abridge the wearisome debate.
Disconcert he beholds in every gaze,
No voice the speaker seconds nor gainsays.
Not like his valiant ancestors of old,
Who did in conquered Spain dominion hold,
When they, the sole support of right and thought,
Like lions battle after battle fought,
The modern Moor is cowardly, abject;
Depraved in morals, fierce, he doth abject
The resident of foreign creed and race
To humiliation, cruelty, disgrace,
And deems his wretched state a state of bliss.

While trampled by the worst of tyrannies.
Thus overawed his voice the Pasha raised
And eulogizing al Fassal he praised,
As prudent, cautious, thoughtful, great, and wise;
He thank'd him for his excellent advice,
As if within his soul he did not hate
That spurning, proud, imperious potentate:

XXVIII.

“Oh happy land that owns the wisest brain,
Whose wisdom guides, whose eloquence must gain
The dullest man who hath an open ear
Such noble truths, such principles to hear!
Thus have our thanks and have our love withal;
With cautious prudence we comply in all.
We send the Jewess with minute report
At once, perhaps, to the imperial court;
This will us spare all possible reproach,
On sovereign rights no subject should encroach !”

XXIX.

Thus ends the governor, and the court withdraws,
The Hebrews see a future night of woes,
But on the One rely, the One who saves
The upright souls from decomposing graves.
Ben Zion nimbly nearer steps his bride
Her fears to calm, her sorrows to divide.
And “Oh, my sweetest, unsurpassed Sol,
Let not thy courage sink, thy firmness fall,
For on thy way to Fez Ben Zion will
Thee follow, love's devotion to fulfill.
If love of virtue from this land is gone
It burns yet in one heart, mine is the one !”
No time to add another word they grant,
Whom to imprison Sol the Pasha sent;

Her to Dar Etkā, dungeon of the town,
They thro' the market pushing hurry on,
While with his friends of anguish overcome,
Her sire enters his deserted home.

XXX.

Why roll thy eyeballs with unearthly glow,
Thy frothy lips with foam why overflow;
Why at thy laugh the frightened children flee,
Why are all horrified at seeing thee,
Unfortunate Simha? Thee madness frees
From coming woes and present agonies.
They speak, beseech, console thee—all is vain,
Deranged is thy intelligential chain,
Each hour thy raving mania doth enhance,
Henceforth thy soul is full of dissonance;
So yells a trumpet when the fight is fierce,
Its mouth a missile suddenly doth pierce,
When brass, and tube, and screams remain alone,
But consonance and music are all gone.

XXXI.

And thou, Hazan, art also sorely tried
To see thy heir bereaved thus of his bride,
And hear thy son's unchangeable resolve
To track his love, which hazards doth involve.
"Wilt thou thy hoary sire, dearest son,
In life's severest winter leave alone,
And Moslem hate and bloody vengeance brave,
And let me childless sink into the grave!"
So speaks the father, and the son replies:

XXXII.

"It is not love that in the bosom dies
When things enforce a real sacrifice.

Shall I my Sol, my virtuous bride desert
In hours of gloom, not thus my strength exert,
My brains, my means, my time, myself employ,
And let fell villainy my girl destroy?
Too feeble is my inexperienced hand,
Too weak my power assistance her to lend,
But she shall know that near her is a friend,
Who means for her to work, for her to die;
Be hopeful, father, such a friend am I.
I shall not long remain from thee away,
But here, dear father, here I must not stay!"

XXXIII.

"Nor I, the messenger doth interject,
With thee, Ben Zion, I to part project;
Thy noble impulse Heaven will approve,
And men revere thy true, unselfish love.
We both proceed and try what may be done
For Sol, and shall return to meet Hazan,
And to her parents lovely Sol restore;
Your cause entrust the One whom we adore!"



Calliope

Calliope.

I.

Eleven times in their cerulean height
The sphere of day outshone the orbs of night,
While on her way escorted by a train
To Fez, Sol grievous hardships did sustain,
And bore, beside exhaustion of her frame,
A glowing mind consumed with torture's flame;
For not the past and instant ills she bore,
Impending woes her tender bosom tore.
The escort, as the sun in west descends,
Before Garb Pliques pitch their shabby tents,
This station being of the inns the last
Where they did nightly rest and took repast.
To-morrow sacred Fez they shall behold
With hundred mosques glittering with gold,
With lustrous tinsel, mosaics arabesque,
Grand chandeliers, embroidery moresque.
The Moslems fall upon the turf and pray,
They Allah thank for the expiring day;
For happiness they pray, implore for life
In their fourth orison of the sacred five.
Then food and drink their spirits animate,
Around a fire stories they narrate
Of Mecca's miracles, the caliph's hoards,
Who thousand fairs, a million warriors boards
In marble palaces, like the Divan

With gilded walls of godlike Solyman.
 Sol from her tent looks at the crimson'd west,
 Though tired, she can neither eat nor rest;
 For all her thought and heart to him belong,
 Who is to her the dearest of the young.
 The trail coruscant of the fading day
 Now pales and quivers, and soon dies away,
 And lets dim twilight, linking night and day,
 Her dusky veils upon all nature spread,
 And lets the stars their twinkling lustre shed.
 The breeze with flowery spoils encumbered moves
 Through fragrant meads, through fields and musky
 groves,
 And whispering disturbs the quietude
 Prevailing now in every glen and wood.
 Allah again the Moors combined adore
 Then in their tents Sol hears them sleep and snore,
 When she, delivered from their watchful sight,
 Thus with her prayer stirs the still of night.

II.

"Oh Thou, who heart-afflicted Hannah's cry
 Didst loving answer from the lofty sky,
 In Thee I trust, resigned to Thy decree
 I suffer, die, I die submissively.
 For dark to mortal's eye are all thy ends,
 Unwilling he beneath pain's fardel bends,
 Yet oftentimes sacrifices all his real
 To the unknowable, to the ideal!
 Oh what is death for good and fame endured
 If by one's life a hundred souls be cured
 Of such diseases as the mind infest
 With those distempers, which the wise detest!
 If with my blood my parents' peace I paid,
 My people's woes and enemies allay'd,

I should no better lot implore of Thee,
Thou Wisdom's Owner wrapt in mystery!
But thinking Sol unworthy of such fate,
Her slandered race and self to expurgate,
I fear that I the hangman's steel must brave
For perpetrated wrongs, transgressions grave.
And even then before Thy will I bend
And into darkness I resigned descend,
But grant, Immutable, that I alone
May for my follies and my sins atone!
My moaning parents in their boundless dole,
Thou Lord of love, my parents do console,
And let the youth I love my fall survive,
And if on way, let him in time arrive,
That I may see him, ere I sink and die
And by mine death my honor justify!"

III.

Consoled upon her pallet Sol doth weep,
Until her tearful eyes are sealed in sleep.
Around her fancy visions awful flit,
She roves through regions dark and fields star-lit.
As he, who fleeing from revenge, a spot
In dismal wildnerness as refuge sought
To rest his head, and while he on a stone
Beneath the starry canopy alone
In that inhospitable quarter dreamed,
He angels saw, the heavens open seemed,
From utmost heights he heard a voice resound,
A voice that promised all the lands around
Shall be his children's undisputed ground;
So Sol in dream unheard-of wonders eyed
And knew her triumph, even ere she died.

IV.

Who are yon figures in the hazy gloom,
Who in the darkness prominently loom,

And close and closer with some fix'd intent
Draw nigh the maiden's unregarded tent?
Thy friends they are, Sol, following thy trail,
They with the escort's chieftain did prevail
To let them spend an hour or more with thee,
To cheer thy soul in thy calamity.
"I watch the entrance, while you speak to her,
To be on the alert I do prefer;
My orders bid to bar your way to Sol;
Yet start not hence before I warning call,
And when I warn you linger not but start,
There might be danger, lose no time and part!"

V.

The chief did end and at a distance laid
Upon a mat to sleep, and to the maid
With hasty pace the Hebrew did repair;
They found the girl asleep with matted hair.
A taper's yellow, sparing light did fall
Upon the lovely face and frame of Sol,
Whose rosy cheek did with Aurora's vie
As she reposing smiled there dreamingly,
And had, like dew upon a flushing rose,
On her the perspiration of repose.
Dream on, dream on, forever dream, oh child,
How kind that sleep that all thy woes beguiled,
And thee removed from harsh reality
To let thee taste sweet immortality!
Ben Zion hid his flowing tears in vain,
His breast was rent by tenderness and pain;
The hoary sage did turn his eyes away,
Too full his heart, he had no word to say,
While overcome with love and sympathy,
The bridegroom bow'd upon his bended knee,
His lip did touch the roseate mouth of Sol—

He could his temper, not his love control.
The bride awakened, smiled, the kiss returned,
A heavenly fire in her eyeballs burned.
Elias' hand she kiss'd, but no surprise,
Betrayed at seeing them in strange disguise,
The lover and the messenger, the wise,
So unexpected near her wretched couch,
As if apprised she was of their approach.
"Why smiles my girl?" the youth in thought did weigh,
"So, pitiful, forlorn, and yet so gay!
Oh may sound reason, which thy mother fled,
Forever bide in this thy beauteous head!"
So thought Ben Zion, so the messenger,
They scann'd the bride, but durst not question her,
When she her visions in exalting tone,
Her friends recounted and recounting shone.

VI.

"Prepare, oh friends, prepare to hear a tale
That shall deep mysteries to you unveil,
And in your bosom slumbering echoes wake,
Perchance, your souls with joy and shudder shake.
Rejoice that I was deigned alive to ken
The blest and curst left to the choice of man,
Who is no being destined to decay
Below as all the creatures made of clay,
But to seraphic glory may ascend
If he the godly spark in him doth tend,
And not to pleasure, perishable mirth
Devotes his spirit of celestial birth!
The Lord beseeching for my people's weal,
I likewise pray'd my parents' wounds to heal,
And thee, my dearest, I including named
Till sleep and dream my wakeful senses claimed.
No sooner had I shut my eyes in rest

Than tons of weight, methought, roll'd off my breast,
And seemed my trunk as volatile and light
As we imagine is the airy spright.
And lo! if hitherto in dark I dwelt
And on my gaze the scales a charm would melt,
I could not more the sunny orb admire
Than now I did that orb's celestial fire,
That, like a radiant ocean, dazed my eyes,
And seemed to set on flame the boundless skies;
So vast, enormous grew the lustrous ball
That half he covered the cerulean wall.
Yet far beyond that star I could behold
Uncounted globes shedding the beam of gold,
Each seven-fold surpassing in his size
The one to mortals in the east doth rise,
While hues and shapes unseen by human eyes
I everywhere beheld adorn the skies.
And sweet beyond conception flow'd from high
A symphony, which from my dazzled eye
Drew forth a tide of such angelic tears
As spirits weep in the Elysian spheres.
Enraptured thus I stood and all forgot,
My past, my present, and my future lot,
For in my transport, blessedness divine,
Methought, the universe and stars were mine;
And turning upward my far-seeing gaze
I saw the empyrean all ablaze
With radiance beaming of two powers bright
Descending swiftly from unmeasured height,
And leaving back effulgent trails of light.
And judge my wonder, rapture, judge my pride
When both I saw alighting at my side
And with cherubic mildness look at me,
Who felt the bliss of sweet eternity!

VII.

"All blandishment in gesture and in tone,
 Compassion heavenly in her mien, the one,
 With spear of burning gold uplifted ; red
 With rubies, glowing thick with gems on head
 A glorious crown, did lovingly embrace
 My humble self with inexpressible grace.
 Immense her stature towered over mine,
 Her mantle sparkled with all hues divine ;
 Not brilliant Iris when in glories clad
 In aught resembles what her lustre shed.
 I see that heavenly figure high uprear
 While speaking thus to me, her giant spear :
 'Lapidoth's consort when on earth I was
 To fame immortal I by justice rose ;
 My groaning brethren I from Hazor freed
 When Sisera's host on Kishon's banks did bleed.
 From Tabor's top responding to my cry
 Two clans did rush to arms and victory,
 And Israel, by heathens not oppressed,
 Enjoyed his faith, his liberty, and rest.
 Not mine the triumph was, but awful Jah
 Did brace the mind of humble Deborah,
 Who now is dwelling in eternal peace
 In yonder regions of ineffable bliss!'

VIII.

"But gentler than mild Zephyr's playing gales
 When he sweet Flora plundering assails,
 And Hesper on the flirting couple leers
 And with a smile the hunting lover cheers ;
 Delicious as the sunny beam in jail
 Where subteranean darkness doth prevail,
 The other wrapt in iridescent sheen

Stood crowned and sceptered like a heavenly queen.
 Angelic meekness on her countenance shone
 When she began thus in a gracious tone :
 'Hadassah, on this gloomy orb renown,
 I durst confront my royal partner's frown,
 When Haman, with his rank intoxicate,
 For Israel prepared a dire fate.
 Ahasverus retracted his decree,
 My intercession Jacob's progeny
 From murderous violence and ruin saved ;
 And for the danger, which on earth I braved,
 I am permitted in a blissful seat
 With equal sprights in blessedness to meet.
 Commanded by the highest Will, oh child,
 We let thee view the terrible and mild,
 The blest and curst awaiting man born free
 To choose the blest and live in harmony
 With Him, who in the excellent delights
 And lifts the humble to ethereal heights.'

IX.

She ends, and flings a garment round my frame,
 A zone with pinions of seraphic flame
 She girdling throws around my tightening waist,
 Imparting power for upsoaring haste ;
 And now betwixt the queenly pair I start,
 With lightning's swiftness we upshooting dart ;
 Beneath the land, the main and all doth fade
 In distance lost, impenetrable shade.
 While upward sweeping I to left and right
 Unnumbered worlds behold of blazing light,
 Careering through unbounded space. A thrill
 Of unfelt rapture doth my bosom fill
 As darting through the awful, sacred still
 Canorous tunes I distinctly can hear

Enravishingly flowing from a sphere
That we pass by with undiminish'd haste
And plunge anon into a rayless waste.
For, changing now our skyward archy flight,
We speed adown unto the realms of Night ;
And after winging through a darkness dense,
A fearful silence and a frost intense,
At last we check awhile our fleet career
And light upon a pitchy hemisphere."

X.

"Oh, darkness, desolation black and drear
Terrific frowns the majesty you wear,
Gorgonian terrors people your abodes
To angels hateful, men and demigods ;
For they created to behold the sun,
Instinct with dread, your terrible regions shun,
Unless redeeming missions lead them here
When love-inspired they contempt all fear!
Yet in your realms creative fiats rung,
From your immensity the suns have sprung ;
Your sacredness my lips shall not profane,
Your empires no mortal can distain ;
But them I mourn who in your gulfs must dwell,
Whom sins and crimes from empyrean expel!"

XI.

"As when the earth by mountain-cleaving spasms
To man displays her subterranean chasms—
When by the lightning and the day combined
He views the gaps that terrify the mind,
And prostrate sinks and thanks the gracious sky
Who such abysses hides from mortal eye ;
So when alighting on that craggy ground
With clefts and cliffs and cracks and dark around ;

When of my guides the pure effulgent light
Illumined all those hideous scenes of night,
I tremblingly my fervors heavenward sent
In adoration of the Omnipotent,
Who in benignity and love divine
Lets on the upright soul his glories shine !

XII.

“ Before us yawning in a rocky chain
A lofty portal clove the range in twain,
If gulf in which the Atlas, like a stone
Thrust into *Pluto's Cave*, would roll adown
And sinking no disturbance cause, such name
May bear. Deborah here I heard exclaim:
‘ Oh, child of clay, immortal now through fame,
Fear *Gai-Zalmaveth* not for man ordained,
But sinful sprights in yon pits are detained !
Thou shalt the doom of crime behold, and learn
What righteousness in upper worlds may earn.’
She spoke and with her mate the wings outspread
And into yonder horrid black they sped
Abreast with me amid heart-gripping noises,
Tempestuous whirlwinds, thunder, flames, and voices
Of fierce Tartarean elements unchained,
Demoniac yells, sulphurious damps, that reigned
Supreme with pestilential stench around
On that unbounded, quaking brimstone ground;
Which, sloping under a vast concave, did
Us to unfathomed depth and horrors lead.
We hell-ward swept despite of palpable dark,
Ever and anon disturbed by a spark
Of forked lightning hurried here and there,
That left the regions blacker than they were,
Till some ambiguous dawn us to a lake
Of livid fire drew, which, by mistake,

I deemed a moonlit, cloudy eve or morn
 Too bleak and dreary, even for the earth-born.
 The fiery billows, lashed by tempest, flowed
 Above the strand, that like a furnace glowed;
 They forking spread, and, hurled by the blast,
 Did overflow a black rotunda vast,
 Edged on three sides by jagged sulphur rocks
 Quaking, heaving, sublimed by dreadful shocks,
 Unquenchably inflamed within the core
 With fierce combustion, which breaking forth, tore
 Their ribs and sent a lava-deluge out
 From thousand clefts which thundering did spout:
 'Here meet the powers with their human prey
 When laden with the mortal plunder they
 In triumph join hell's insatiate greed
 With writhing shades of reprobates to feed.
 The Grand Tribunal them may not behold
 Whom not these billows cleansing do infold,'
 Though dark these words fell on my open ear
 I searched no meaning, overcome of fear.

XIII.

"Upon expanded wings we deeper sped
 And nigher drew the terrors of the dead,
 Whom earthly guilt for times unknown detains
 In dolesome pits and hope-deserted plains
 By Justice held to punish vice and crime,
 This mistress of all-avenging Time!
 When nigh the end of *Gai-Zalmaveth* we,
 Our flight relenting, found a canopy
 Beneath a gloomy rock whose frowning brow,
 Protruding amply, station gave us now,
 Whence, half concealed, we could the scene survey,
 The Judgment's course, and then the fierce affray
 Of formidable foes; for we did halt

Where, like the rainbow's curve in size, a vault
Of solid fire arching rose above
A flaming channel, which a passage clove
Through many leagues of glowing adamant,
To dread *Sheol* the terrible descent!

XIV.

“And who is yonder eyeless maid we face,
Who neither terror wears in look nor grace,
But with majestic earnest, front divine
Holds in her mighty hand, though feminine,
A balance in unruffled equipoise?
Thou Wisdom's offspring, whom Almighty's voice,
Before He light created, caused to spring
Into existence, Justice, thou didst swing
An ægis in the left, while in thy right
A balance rung with all-benumbing might!
And when I quailing '*Justice!*' heard resound,
And saw the blackness thickening around,
The lurid gleams by swelling shades devoured,
Disgusting, flitting shapes that grinned and roared;
I felt the vital fluid rushing cold
Throughout my veins, I gazed aghast, appall'd!
But, lo! now pealing from behind the peaks
Of mounts, that fringed the tract we faced, came shrieks;
And, horror! there enshrouded in thick night
Upon a rattling cloud a hideous sight,
Which, like Medusa, petrifying dread,
Appalling terror and confusion spread,
The mortal's bane, implacable *Maveth*, he
Came howling with his grisly company;
A hateful crew, his fell associates,
The bloody ministers of cruel fates.
Around the Gorgons on the dreadful cloud
There throng'd a dense, unnumbered, bloodless crowd

Of spectres just from earthly substance torn
And to the Stygian gulfs and rivers born.
In front of the majestic figure they
Triumphant did to her their charge convey,
Who tower'd high above the grimy crew
With clanging balance, ægis, sightless view.

XV.

“First *Maveth*, chief and prince of all the band,
Such hideous laughs and roars through night did send,
That Ceylon's devil-birds and all the owls
Of screams demoniac, the heart-congealing howls
Of hungry wolves, a concert sweet would seem
To that infernal laugh and horrid scream.
He adding hideousness to hideous hell
Did grinning thus his deathful mission tell:
‘From Sin I spring, for Night and Hell I strive,
I Chaos serve and hate what is alive;
I mowing sweep and slay from pole to pole,
My trail is black, my atmosphere is dole,
And these four agents slaughter in my thrall!’
He speaks and legions of confounded shades
Of every age and state, of all the grades
By man invented, down precipitate,
Impell'd to crave the judgment they all hate.

XVI.

“Beside him rose a power red as gore
With visage stern, it was tremendous War.
A sullen, taunting monster he had sneers
For all the rest of his hell-bred compeers.
‘Though birth of Madness I, by Vengeance fed,
Mine are the decorated, martial dead
By myriads trained to music under my
Dispeopling scythe to slay, to bleed and die;

And bards employ the magic of their lyre
The thoughtless youth with fervor to inspire,
For gory battles and the cannon's fire,
While you, my mates, are loathed by every worm,
Not yours is pomp, nor pride nor uniform !'
He ended thus, and verified his boasts
By hurling down a shoal of gloomy ghosts,
Who, like a frightened flock of threaten'd sheep,
Did huddle close, but yet seemed quite asleep,
Unconscious of their state and of the place.
They represented every soil and race
And stood there bathed in blood, transpierced, all
In arms, with gushing wounds that caused their fall.

XVII.

“Now Plague with glance, which on frail mortals cast
Doth freeze the blood and makes them breathe the last,
A shower of pestiferous arrows spread,
As if once more she longed to wound the dead,
Whom she in crowds discharging sent adown,
A host of trembling spectres black and brown;
And Murder, worst of fiends, devoured by spleen,
With dastardy in look and visage grim,
Now taciturn on the infernal heath
The victims left whom he had slain beneath.
And last desponding, hopeless Suicide,
A female stern and dark as Pluto's bride,
The saddest group of unsubstantial dead
Upon the hellish grounds deposited.
The Gorgons to depict no words suffice,
A second changed their grisly volumes thrice;
At last dissolved upon their train of night
Conjointly they vanished from our sight
To strike the mortals whom they strive to wound
In this our woeful seat, their hunting ground.

"The eyeless power shakes again her scale,
 The thunder rolls and rends the quaking vale,
 The cry of '*Justice*' once more doth resound,
 The flashes glare, shocks heave the waving ground;
 Awakened from oblivion stare she shades
 Whom paralyzing horror now invades.
 So men when roused from sleep by noise and shouts,
 Who see assassins' knives laid on their throats,
 Have scarce the instinct with unarmed hand
 Their lives endangered vainly to defend.
 Now as the brave explorer in the deep
 Of sunless, arctic winter, when asleep
 Around him is the continent, delights
 In seeing Cynthia rise and streak the heights
 With all the magic of her silver lights;
 So pleasant seemed to me the breaking dawn
 That, like a constellation, rose and shone,
 And, as the meteoric blaze that glides
 Athwart the cloudy skies and night divides,
 A group of beings on a beamy fleece
 Toward us glided from the realms of peace.
 Not like the perishable gold-edged one
 On Colchis robb'd, was this ethereal zone
 On which refulgent rose a heavenly throne
 With seats for them supernal Wisdom sent
 To carry out below His deep intent.
 Outshining all in majesty and grace
 With radiant brightness on his lucent face,
 Upon the highest seat a glorious power
 Above his mates rose like a blazing tower.
 A dazzling banner unfurled he did hold,
 On it the Decalogue with burnished gold
 Emblazoned, edged with emerald berylline,
 Like Phœb in azure, did refulgent shine.

To right and left in deathless glory clad,
With mace in hand and crowns upon the head,
On graded steps respectively were seen
Two rows of figures in celestial sheen;
And at their feet there lay the Book of Fate,
In size resembling a prodigious gate,
Which twenty horses would, methought, in vain
To move that volume all their sinews strain.
The wondrous chariot, with high instinct dowered,
Before the eyeless goddess held and lowered.
And by Hadassah's sacred lip I know
That all the powers of that heavenly show
Were they mankind and Israel revere,
Old Amram's son, and all the prophets dear,
The patriarchs and the illustrious sages,
Who faith and wisdom taught in bygone ages;
They Justice homage and by Heaven's decree
The dead to judge descend unitedly.

XIX.

“As on that earth-redeeming glorious morn
When Sinai was by shocks of lightning torn,
And Horeb wrapt in rolling clouds did sound
The heavenly message thundering around;
When all a nation shaking bowed in awe
And swore allegiance to the sacred Law;
So at the maid's exclaiming ‘*Judgment!*’ now
The darkness thicken'd, thunder shook the ground—
The balance rung, the pitchy cliffs did bound,
And thrilling quailed the spirits all aghast
At hearing the trumpet's wail, the Judgment's blast!
And of its own accord the Book of Fate
That every mortal's deeds doth plainly state,
Sprung open wide, and, like a mirror, cast
The sins and virtues of a monarch's past.

My heart did freeze, when from the bloodless crowd
A kingly form, when heralded aloud,
Advanced—of earthly majesty the shade—
And shook before the throne and eyeless maid.
'A prince on earth,' thus Amram's heir did cry,
'When living thou didst Heaven and man defy;
With thee the follies dwelt, the vices, lies,
Mammon and Mars, they were thy deities!
Behold thine pages here, the black and white:
With sins the black is red, but on thy bright
The virtuous deeds recorded are but few—
Dark is thy life's unchangeable review!'

XX.

"In voice like thunder Amram's offspring read
The noted virtues of the sceptred dead,
When, as a flock of argent birds that skim
Along on high toward the spot they teem
Their young, on wings outspread a regiment
Equipp'd with shield and spear made their descent;
In rank and file they round their author drew
A cordon, bowing all in homage due
To him whose image they, though bright, did wear.
Now dipping with the weight of virtue there
In Justice' hand the scale of good and grace
The one of guilt and sin did clinking raise;
And from above Jehovah's darling child,
Sweet Virtue, came with all her sisters mild;
Dispensing Charity, Compassion soft,
True Friendship, Love did follow from aloft.
They pleading turned to the meekest face
That fronted justice in the shape of Grace,
Who not to substitute divine decree
Did Virtue's train to hell accompany;
But came with Justice' verdicts to prevail

When even with the weight of good the scale
Of evil balancing prolonged the fray—
The Mercy ruled, and Virtue held her sway.

XXI.

“But when the page of guilt was loudly read
Abominable Vice with bruised head
Of snake, deformed, though smiling like a whore,
From hell ascending on her volume bore
A loathsome, baneful crew; contemptible Lie
With her fell offspring, vile Hypocrisy,
And bursting Greed and Calumny behind,
And Jealousy, the bane of human kind,
While at their heels from *Shol's* gulfy deeps
Dark, swarming, rose in whirling, yellow heaps
Unightly monsters fearful to behold,
Who fiery eyes in coaly sockets roll'd.
So on the sunny isloted rocks
Of vast Pacific's isles the teeming flocks,
Pelagian quiet seeking, rise and scream
At man's approach, and with their swarms bedim
The noontide's flooding rays; but than these worse
With gnashing teeth and shrieks unearthly hoarse,
The hosts infernal, like a deluge, poured
And howling madly round their author loured.
Sweet Virtue with her sisters stepp'd aside,
Compassion's sorrows in a briny tide
Descending trickled from her pleading eyes;
Her heavenly sisters answered with deep sighs.
As when pursued by wolves some refugee
Doth perching tremble on a lofty tree,
While him the grisly beasts of glaring eyes,
With hunger mad, appall by howling cries,
So by his virtues held aloft the prince,
With horror seized, did wailing shake and wince

At seeing thicken round his guardians bright
His hell-born goblins darker than black Night.
A bulk of hideousness arousing dread,
Each demon something of the human had,
Save where the mortals wrist and fingers ply,
A bunch of hissing snakes with fiery eye
Did him with horrid armature supply;
Besides, the ministers of hellish doom,
Like angels, visionary shapes assume.

XXII.

“Yet formidable though the fiends appear,
The guardian powers manifest no fear;
They face defiant the Tartarean shoals
Who fill the concave with terrific howls,
Infuriated now themselves array,
And storming, squealing rush to the affray.
Nor could Amphitrite’s one-eyed progeny,
Nor Typhon’s brood with these infernals vie
In feats of terror and of prodigy.
Dilated to enormous bulks they yell,
They sweep, and sweeping shake profoundest hell,
Rebellowing a thousand-fold the noise
Chaotic of each goblin’s dreadful voice.
As flying towers bursting in their flight,
The leaping fiends are burning while they fight,
Their snaky gripes they hissing toss around,
They strike like thunder, but from shields rebound
Of adamantine all-defying strength;
They blench from lances of prodigious length
By virtues wielded with such dread effect,
That rout doth follow the engaging act!
The glittering phalanx from infernal wreck
Awhile their master save, and hurl the black
Divisions to abysses bottomless;

But at their heels the fiends dare onward press.
 All changed in grisliness and fell contour
 In pyramidal heaps they rise and lour;
 Half *Rokh*, half elephant they fire spout,
 Beneath an antlered brow they swing a snout,
 A hellish python gaping like a cave;
 On wing, on foot, they stride, they fly, they rave,
 And clash with files of snorting giant steeds
 Angelic fiat in a second breeds.
 Tasmanian woods or Calaveras rear
 No trunk so lofty as the flaming spear
 The guardian angels from their coursers wave;
 Refulgent in their arms the fiends they brave,
 Confounding Chaos bellows, grins and roars,
 Now light the dark, now dark the light devours.
 As ocean's surf blast-beaten sounding leaps
 Against the isolated isle, and sweeps
 With foaming fury the resisting strand,
 Till rocks are carried off, and banks of sand;
 So raging, dashing, swaying to and fro
 The hellish prodigies must baffled go,
 Until—for otherwise it should not end—
 The scale of guilt doth dip in Justice' hand,
 And by a whelming swoop and horrid howl
 The battle won is by the myriads foul.
 Into *Shëol's* abysmal, raging deep
 The goblins with the sinner whirling sweep;
 Still close behind the virtues all alert
 Their author trace; for good doth hot desert.

XXIII.

"And now a mortal's name was specified,
 Who as a titled statesman lived and died,
 The wonder and the terror of his age.
 His restless fetich was Ambition's rage,

To whom his manhood, faith, and love he gave,
 For countless warriors he has dug a grave
 By diplomatic subtlety and fraud.
 Bespangled toward the eyeless maid he strode,
 Who during life nor man did fear nor God.
 His name did gladden Vice and her fell crew,
 Who crowds of shocking visions upward drew,
 A hideous herd of black demonian beasts,
 Chimpanzees fierce with horny, giant fists.
 The goblins fought with certainty to gain,
 The virtues strove, resistance proved in vain;
 Since few these were and could not those repel
 Whose numbers seemed to empty boundless hell.
Shëol with uproar did reverberate
 When she received that crimeful potentate.

XXIV.

"And who art thou, who, conscious of thy worth,
 When mentioned dost intrepidly stride forth?
 Thus thinking, I beheld a stately ghost
 Serenely move, and nigh the Court he paus'd.
 Oh Virtue, thou nor death nor night dost fear,
 For thee no terrors Hell and Judgment rear,
 And doomsday's trumpet thou canst calmly hear!
 That manly shade Adversity did brave,
 As pure as born he sunk into the grave.
 'Be welcome, friend, to ever-during peace!
 From these abodes thou to the heavens of bliss
 Shalt rise; for since thy infancy and birth,
 Thine was a heaven-pleasing course on earth!'
 Thus Amram's glorious heir, while on his face
 Effulgence burst; the majesty of Grace
 The scale of good in Justice' stretched hand
 Inclining touch'd with her supernal wand,
 When all the myriads flocking from above,

The images of Charity and Love,
Of Wisdom, Temperance, Self-sacrifice,
Encircling him upsent triumphant cries;
The patriachs, the prophets and the wise
Did honor him, a spright of Paradise;
With him the shining virtues straight upshot
The adverse powers, too few, no battle fought,
But soon dissolving, like a mist by light,
They faded, waned, and vanished in the night.

XXV.

“The pages now were turned one by one,
I heard the wicked curse their birth and groan;
The hosts engaged and bitter raged the fight
Betwixt black legions and brave squadrons bright.
Impartial Victory by Justice swayed
Lent neither side her overwhelming aid,
Except when prompted by a hint of Grace,
She to the virtues turned her smiling face.
Many immortals did I lifted see
Beyond the shades to bliss victoriously;
The heaven-commissioned, glorious Court on them
Bestowed the halo’s heavenly diadem;
But many hurled into gulfs I saw
A prey to agonies untold and woe.

XXVI.

“Now on their wondrous chariot in awe
Before the sightless maid the judges bow,
And hymning from the dark abodes withdraw.
Before them Grace, behind them Hope doth flee
And desolate the cave’s profundity.
My queenly guides prepare for further flight
And thus Hadassah gently at my right:
‘With us proceed, and view with living eye

The tortured ghosts who dying never die;
 In *Sheol's* dread abysses they sustain
 The doomful rack's excruciating pain;
 Yet envied are by those whom crimes entomb
 In horrid, bottomless *Abaddon's* womb!'
 She speaks, and, with the swiftness of a dart,
 We three abreast for *Sheol's* gulfs depart.
 As doth upon the surgy ocean's deep
 By tempest toss'd the shivering, threatened ship,
 Resisting though the wreckful billows' squall,
 Disjoined shake throughout her rib-tight hull;
 So I, when in those nether Stygian pits,
 Felt all the agonies of griping fits.
 The pangs of racking wheels by martyrs borne,
 The frantic shrieks of them by tigers torn,
 Would ill-compare with what in that profound
 I saw of anguish, and I heard of sound;
 Its endless vastness, flaming lakes and plains,
 Its burning cliffs, its fiery hurricanes,
 Transplanting rocky fragments glowing white
 With unextinguishable heat in densest night;
 The noise of reprobates, infernal screams,
 The sense-benumbing fetors, deadly steams,
 Did upright force my bristling hair on head,
 And more than living was my spirit dead.
 The fright, the stench, the storm my nerves unbraced,
 And with my guides I had not further raced
 Had anxious Deborah not me revived
 With her celestial wand, while still we dived
 Amid yet fiercer winds and choky gloom
 Till we approach'd the reprobates in doom.
 'From this high precipice now ken around
 And penetrate yon dreary, vast profound
 As *Sodom and Gomorrah's* Chasm renown.
 Thither inhospitable souls are thrown,

Who in their mortal vesture gave no rest
 Nor bread nor shelter to a claiming guest;
 And deeper there—thou scarce canst view them hence—
 Writhe all the hunters of chaste innocence.
 The queenly judge me thus addressing turned
 My vision to a yawning gulf that burned
 Five thousand fathoms deep beneath our feet.
 Unnumbered shades I saw blaspheming beat
 Their temples, refuge seeking from the brunt
 Of blasting flames, in caves, which would not grant
 Abode to them condemned in hail and fire
 To groan till thousand ages will expire.
 ‘Ye wicked foreign to that sacred love
 By which man shadows the Supreme above,
 How doth my pity thaw and flow for you
 Whom cruel caves repel when rest you sue!
 For this reminds me of my people’s fate
 Who, weeping, stood before your bolted gate
 And moved no feeling in your callous breast;
 Through them, perchance, your spirits find no rest.
 Ah me, in your despair and outcries hoarse
 I hear mad blasphemy but no remorse,
 Ye blinded spectres, of yourselves the curse!’
 I, animated, thus did speak and weep,
 While moans and wails did echo from the deep,
 And gloomy millions seemed my speech to hear,
 For them I saw their ghastly heads uprear
 And gaze at us with wonderment and fear.
 But fierce the elements did them confound—
 Supine they fell, and bellowed on the ground.

XXVII.

“This fiery Chasm leaving behind us we
 Swept down the rugged, hot declivity,
 The fetidness increasing all the time

In that chaotic, black, and doleful clime.
 Now at a distance I a lurid tract
 Enwrapt beheld in smoke and flames compact
 And coming nigher did a fiend discern
 Whose rolling eyes like orbs of coal did burn ;
 Around him mass'd were crowds that him adored ;
 Them he amain in towering heaps devoured ;
 But, strange to say, they knelt and praye'd in awe
 Before that monster, whose insatiate maw
 Restored the ghosts to glut his gaping jaws ;
 So deep and wondrous are infernal laws !
 ' What trespass, oh, my guides, those mortals stained
 When breathing they what law of God disdained ?
 And yonder monstrous, glowing prodigy
 What hellish minister, what chief is he ? '
 Thus I to both the guiding powers spoke,
 And thus Hadassah's words I did provoke :
 ' Before us stretches far and wide a chain
 Of rocks embosoming fell *Nimrod's Plain* ;
 So called, because this rebel was the first
 Of yonder pale, idolaters accurst,
 Who, having temples for base idols built,
 And on their altars blood of infants spilt,
 Are there ordained to be that Moloch's food,
 Of Sin the image and of Vice the brood ! '
 ' But they, alas ! ' I durst resume my speech,
 ' Did what their times them did as children teach ;
 Must they forever in that wretched plain
 Sustain the racks of such tremendous pain ? '
 I thus did speak and felt the millions' woe,
 Which in a tide did from my eyeballs flow,
 When this reply Compassion's queen me gave ;
 ' No reprobate engulfed in this cave
 Shall find in tortures an eternal grave.
 It is ordained that every heavenly spark

Shall once uprise from this abysmal dark;
But ere such awful periods of time
Will them redeem from this Tartarean clime,
Some late descendant earning godly bliss,
May of his sires two from hell release;
Thus nations rose by virtues not their own,
But by some luminous, meritorious son,
Else multiplied those numbers thou wouldst see
Continuing there such fell idolatry.'

XXVIII.

"And now as rightward we descended, came
A noise and odor speech is weak to name,
And, ere we far advanced I plainly view'd
Within a pit inlocked a multitude
Of spectral groups who madly fought and cried.
As maniacs fierce each crowd the other eyed,
And with transpiercing fury sent a spear
Which through the frame struck in the breast and rear;
And writhing wheel'd the combatants around,
The red-hot weapon in the gushing wound;
And yelling: 'Mine the crown and might!' they cried;
'No, mine the power to command!' replied
The advarsaries. And thus unceasing they
Engaged in hateful wrangling, dire fray.
'Supernal Wisdom in these realms of gloom
Destined this region named, *Mad Korah's Doom*,
For all who human love and concord spurn,
Themselves with false authority adorn,
And would at cost of honor and of peace
Their perishable influence increase.
Undying doth Ambition animate
Those maniac hosts, who never cease to hate,
Believing still they strive for earthly good,
While shedding thus dark floods of ghostly blood.'

Lapidoth thus, but I did turn away
My look from that disgustful, mad affray.
An umbered river tracing in our flight,
We deeper speeding eyed a marvelous sight.

XXIX.

“That fetid stream replete with loathsome worms,
Of scaly hydras nursed uncountered swarms,
Who, many-headed, glared demoniac ire,
Exhaling pestilence and singeing fire.
The tide a dismal continent embraced,
A craggy, rent, sulphurious, smoky waste;
And when on it I fixed my curious gaze,
Cold horror seized me and profound amaze;
There herds of dreadful bulls with nations fought,
And disembowling them on fierce horns caught,
And, roaring, them into the waves did cast
To be the hydra’s and the worm’s repast
And yet forever in such torments last !
As flocks of sheep before the lion flee
And cloy the boa lurking in the lea,
So those who from the bulls in terror fled
The horrid monsters in the river fed.
‘Ah cursed races ye, what were your crimes
When once above ye dwelt in blessed climes?
Ah for my life I would your woes relieve !’
Thus piteous I, Deborah this in brief:
“With those no pity have; forewarned they
Have wrought for them that torturous dismay;
The calf of Horeb with disasters fraught
These reprobates a transient lesson taught,
Who would no flower of godly perfume cull,
But raised that calf, now their outrageous bull.
That waste of hell *Jeroboam’s* name doth wear,
All godless Mammonites are punished there.

XXX.

"Some leagues below *Absalom's Grove* we reached,
 Where by their locks rebellious sons are hitched
 To boughs of iron trees. They knotted close
 By snaky chains did back and limbs expose
 To scorpion lashes in demonian hand
 Who tore the skin and let the gore descend
 In fuming drops upon a cursed soil,
 Where, like a shower, I beheld it boil,
 In streamlets joining and rushing down,
 And form a stream athwart the hellish lawn,
 A moaning river swelling as it flowed,
 Whose tide our course to dreadier regions showed.
 Its tortuous bank pursuing we ahead
 That iron forest cross'd of clamoring dead,
 And left the scourged multitudes behind
 To view inflictions, which congeal the mind.

XXXI.

"Oh fancy, friends, a leaping, howling flood,
 A cataract of living, boiling blood
 From lofty rocks descending with a roar,
 And fill a gulf with ever-fuming gore;
 Imagine spirits foredoomed thence to sink
 And of that wave perpetually to drink;
 Therein by hell-hounds fish'd and toss'd amain,
 And carried up to fall and swill again,
 And you behold the dreadful *Gulf of Cain!*
 Oh woe to you who kindred life destroy,
 With human blood our sacred planet cloy;
 Ye tyrants, murderers, ye victors hear
 What wines for you, what beasts *Shëol* doth rear!
 There one gaunt seven monsters piecemeal tore,
 And climbing the steep heights the ghost upbore,

Whence instantly he, framed again, did fall,
 And with the blood-hounds bellowing did roll
 In that abominable rageous sea.
 Hadassah quoth: '*Antiochus* is he
 Forever subject to that horrid fate;
 The sanctuary he did desecrate,
 And thousand slew in his inhuman rage;
 The seven sons he killed beside the sage,
 Whom elsewhere thou shalt see exalted high,
 The prince of princes in the blessed sky.
 Nebuchadnezzar, Titus—Judah's bane—
 And fierce Amalek glut the Gulf of Cain;
 Here Nero and his equals bathe in gore,
 Here swim the conquerors who worshipp'd War;
 The Pharaohs and all, who life destroyed,
 Or Israel oppressed, with blood are cloyed
 By those infernals in the frame of beasts.
 Yon *trimurti* remote on whose brains feasts
 A salamander, while them vipers knit
 As one, and to their visage venom spit,
 When breathing yet, did work like fiends of hell,
 The dread of men, those three are known too well.
 That monkish ghost is *Torquemada's* life,
 The other two are *Ferdinand and wife*,
 Who to their idols sacrificed mankind;
 Yet even they will never stay behind
 When resurrection's trumpet shall resound
 And claim the races from the Stygian ground.'

XXXII.

"But here not *Shëo's* retributions end,
 Nor to depicture them I speech command.
 The wicked here in seven-fold degree
 Is punish'd for his crime's severity,
 Who cold and heat and all extremes of woe

For endless periods must undergo.
And near *Abaddon's* all-devouring pit
The wretches welter in such horrid heat,
That solids like corundum melt as ice
In welding calcar, and in billows rise.
Who parents slay and Providence blaspheme,
Are agonized in this *Shëol's* extreme,
Where sweeping, thundering in seven score
Of cataracts descends the liquid ore
Into *Abaddon's* bottomless profound,
Where naught that sinks can strike resisting ground;
Though centuries and periods it fall
It through unmeasured depth doth burst and roll,
And what there is but known is to the One
Omnipotent, omniscious, else to none!

XXXIII.

“Well nigh through solid vapors we proceed,
That check the swiftness of our winged speed,
While rueful exhalations me invade
And threaten to reduce me to a shade.
My growing pains I to my guides convey,
Who quick their gentle arms around me lay,
When I at once feel fire-proof and strong,
And pave my way through that infernal throng,
Who on their pennons crowd the dismal air,
And rive the concave with appalling blare.
Our sight they flee, those cohorts black, hell-born;
By darkness made they light celestial scorn,
And hate the shining regions high above,
But more than all—the visitants of love.
Unusual vigor the fiendish crowds display,
And pale alarm they, fluttering wild, betray;
For now triumphant shouts invade my ear,
Loud brazen trumpets clang far in the rear,

The surges foam, Tartarean powers stir,
And gather fast and frown in louring bands.
A bursting blaze in twain the blackness rends,
And 'Father!' rings the cry of love divine,
'Arise, oh sire, for groves that ever shine;
To raise thee high, such glory is the mine!'

XXXIV.

"What star-encircled cherub with such boast
Doth lead commanding yon angelic host?
Oh bliss of scions, who by virtues high
Their sires' infamies and crimes defy!
'That glorious power of supernal beam
With angels comes his grandsire to redeem,'
Saith Deborah, and to a cliffy height
We tend, and there suspend our onward flight,
Ourselves remote encompass'd by dense night.
As if to strive for the redeeming son
The galaxy's amazing hosts came down,
Hell's black pavilion star-bestudded shone
With lights celestial, equalling that zone;
And in their midst, like sweet Selene when clear,
The radiant Savior did his head uprear.
Upon the wave the bright divisions land,
Their trumpets flourish, and the princely brand
Doth waving open the tremendous feud,
Which Night and Chaos ere now have seldom view'd;
They bid their furies straight suspend their storms,
And grin with joy at the embattled swarms.
For if vast Asia all her races brought,
The giant armies who for Xerxes fought,
The populations whom Mongolia sent
To devastate the younger continent,
And by some magic spell could them endow
With Titan statures and Medusa's brow;

ey harmless pigmies would to mortals seem,
Who eye deformities that Night make dim,
And Chaos startle in his deepest caves,
On fire live and swill the Stygian waves.
Such hosts now move with might and hate intense,
And breasted are by powers bright and dense.
What agents known, prodigious, fierce, and grim,
Of sulphur, nitre, charcoal made; of steam
Or force hydraulic could conception give
Of baneful fiends who can no wounds receive,
Save from the blade of panoply divine,
And through the grasp that like the blade doth shine!
They rush, they storm, and like tornadoes whirl,
Under their tramp the billows leap and swirl;
And, as a floating, iron armament,
That fronts a stronghold on destruction bent,
Is by torpedoes treacherous doomed to wreck,
And shakes the earth with her tremendous crack,
The floods rebound, the deathful missiles spread
A hail of steel and mutilated dead;
So each infernal desperate uptore
A league of molten, boiling hell or more
And, with the wicked buried in the ore,
Hurled it bursting through the roaring pit,
Expecting this would heavenly foes defeat.
Awile the vanguard of refulgent ray,
Invincible though, gives to the deluge way;
The fiery surges hurled far and wide,
Some squadrons scatter, other troops divide;
Already millions loud their triumph sound,
And hellish mock and laughter peal around.
But thou, auspicious prince, art soon at hand,
And armies listen to thy mild command;
Thou stand'st in front the virtues to inspire,
They rally, close, resolved to save thy sire;

Devoted they thy call do lend their ear,
And this discourse they from their master hear:

XXXV.

“Hear virtues, heaven-beloved, ye demigods,
Why shun those fell and vulnerable odds
To dissolution fated by your blades,
Whose radiant sight their empire invades
And terror strikes to subtartarean foes?
The chief of them, who well your power knows,
Will not resist, in his infernal rage,
The blasting fury of your weapons' edge,
Dissecting cliffs and adamantine bonds,
Dowered, besides, with pith of heavenly wands
Angelic ministers redeeming wield,
To whom Styx' grimpest powers trembling yield!
For light and good and what from them doth flow
Must deal to evil the triumphant blow!
Protracted though the dubious combat be,
Toward bright virtues leans just Victory.
Thus panoplied invulnerable you
The son support who pays his filial due
And with our trophy let us rising quit
This surgy gulf's tempestuous, horrid pit!’

XXXVI.

“He ends, unsheathed his flaming brand he waves,
Himself, nine towers high, the cohorts braves;
But him encompass half his godlike bands,
A host of Titans with enormous brands.
With ardor burning, and on vengeance bent,
A trebled shout they heavenward upsent;
The shock that follows makes *Abaddon* quake
Since Night and Chaos in the fray partake,
And all the black abysses disjoined shake.

XXXVII.

"Now from on high resounds a trumpet's blare
 And stirs with awful notes the dusky air;
 The hosts divide and mute is every noise,
 The trumpet stops, from sky thus bids a voice:
 'Abate your fury, powers of the dark,
 And let uprise the long-imprisoned spark
 Forever freed from your ungracious thrall,
 By one redeemed beyond your fierce control !'
 Awestruck they hear the all-subduing voice,
 That to the hell-bred warriors leaves no choice,
 Who straight dissolve and fade, like bulks of steam;
 Not thus the squadrons of celestial beam
 Who save the sire and uprise with him.

XXXVIII

"Forthwith we to *Abaddon's* portal sped
 That yawned far, as if on worlds it fed,
 And thundering swallowed what *Sheol* did spout
 Into its dreadful, all-engulfing throat.
 We hovered high above its endless rim
 Where, ever harassing the powers grim,
 The pleading virtues at *Abaddon's* gates
 Attempt once more to save the reprobates,
 Whom else the cataracts from deep to deep
 In tortures unconceived forever sweep
 Adown, upwhirled off by vapors dense
 Of metals vaporized by heat intense.
 Not hell-hounds may these exhalations stand
 Which them benumbing headlong upward send,
 Whence they precipitous are hurling down
 To deeps unmeasured, and are thence upthrown
 Dissolved in fetid damps of grisly black.
 Them envy sinners who endure such rack

Undying, with consciousness of doom, and why
They have no share in the delectable sky.

XXXIX.

“Eternity, who gave to Chronos birth,
May gray, ere those who vilified on earth
The beam that sprung from purest, holiest, light,
Reclaimed are from *Abaddon's* womb and Night.
Them not an upright offspring can redeem
Who parents murder and the Lord blaspheme;
In black perdition they must him await
Who shall descend to make of earth one state,
One brotherhood of all the tribes combined,
One family of warring human kind;
When man through man will never bleed in strife,
When all the dead his horn will wake to life;
On that grand day on which the One Supreme,
Will be of every living tongue the theme,
Those reprobates Messiah will redeem.

XL.

“Thus much of hell I learned from my guides,
Who dwell where never-ending bliss abides.
With doubled swiftness we our path retraced,
Ere long through *Gai-Zalmaveth's* gate we raced,
And darting skyward our stupendous flight
We nigher drew the sweetest fields of light.
How tell my joy when soon a feeble gleam
My eyes did catch of the supernal beam !
Great Lord, how blind those men whose living eyes
Behold the sun, the moon, and starry skies,
And in Thy Love, Thy Wisdom, Greatness doubt,
When they should prostrate weep with minds devout !”

Irania.

Urania.

I.

Within the star-paved universe alone
Omnipotent, above all spirits One,
Immutable, exalted on that throne
Beyond the empyrean's highest height,
Enwrapt in mystery and purest light
Unbearable to seraphic sky-bred ken,
Much less to frail, benighted, earth-bound man,
Thee, Lord Zebaoth, Infinite, I pray
To brighten in my soul the deathless ray,
The feeble spark of Thy effulgent Spring,
So that Thy goodness I and greatness sing!
With deepest wisdom, purpose high, with love
Thou rulest the greatest starry groups above
As all the creatures Thou on them didst make;
A breath of Thine infinitude can shake,
Yet all Thy glorious works are ever young
And shine as when their praise the Psalmist sung;
Save man, whom Thine inscrutable decree
Consigned to pains and pale mortality!
The sky-begotten mind, how could it rest,
On seeing dissolution manifest
With fell decay the human mould invade
And let it vanish like a fleeting shade—
The dearest, sweetest from our side remove
And cleave our bosom with heart-breaking love!

How thee forget, oh, mother, on whose breast
I once found nutriment and loving rest,
When, smiling at thy look, I could not read
Upon thy care-worn front that whelming need,
Which since thy birth and orphan infancy
Until thy death did gnawing cling to thee!
Resigned thy lot thou bravely didst sustain,
Thy lip did Heaven praise, but not complain
When of thy children seven paled and died,
When thou didst bury them, bereft, one-eyed;
A town did sympathize and weep with thee,
Dinah, confronting woes and misery!
Thou sacred heart, among the blessed now,
My filial tears accept which freely flow;
To equal thee in rectitude I vow,
But, oh, that faith which filled thy mind devout,
How plant it in a soul imbued with doubt!
He will not blame, who Reason sent below,
If searching man before no might would bow,
Except Conviction absolute so rare!
Thus search of truth be here my chosen share.
And Father, Thou, who seest the human heart
Unshaken trust unto my soul impart,
And teach through me that this sublunar life
In man not ceases with his earthly strife;
That he on earth to worthy ends aspires
If he in virtue emulates his sires;
If here purusing the sublimest goal
He lifts to heavens his immortal soul!
For thus inspired on her fancy's wings
Sol rises with her friends, and soaring sings.

II.

“Not faster sends the golden orb of day
To dusky worlds his mellow, blessed ray,

Than we athwart the empyrean scaled
 Which endless wonders to my gaze unveiled.
 First quiet reigned; than echoed sweet and soft
 Delightful concerts streaming from aloft,
 Methought, from some unseen celestial sphere;
 And falling soothingly upon the ear,
 Each second heightened the enravishment
 Which caught my soul and to my spirit lent
 An instinct hitherto unknown to me;
 For with my guides I shared each melody
 As hasting God-ward we enraptured sped,
 As if amid the warblers I was bred.
 Then did I with amazement far and high
 A lustrous throng of cherubim descry
 Who with their strains thus moved the lightful sky:
 'Yon beings, once in mortal clay below,
 By merits raised, are sacred angels now.
 On beaming wing the only One they praise,
 And singing cross the soft, ethereal space
 For worlds to them assigned by higher Will,
 In sports celestial there their times to fill,
 Remote from greed, which mortal natures tempt,
 From want, satiety and pains exempt.'
 Thus dear Hadassah, with an eye so bright,
 That dim the lucent spheres appeared to sight.
 Nor could my vision Deborah endure,
 Whose look did beam with radiance, heavenly pure;
 For bright and brighter their effulgence shone,
 As nearer we approach'd the highest Throne,
 And, ere undazzled them I could behold,
 We stood upon an orb of living gold.

III.

" *Rakkia's* skyey regions now we trod,
 Of happy denizens the blest abode,

More fair and balmy in the nether skies
 Than, ere man's fall, terrestrial Paradise.
 They passion, illness, age, decay ignore
 Who on that central globe the One adore,
 And dwell in meadows of ambrosial scent,
 In musky woods with songsters resonant;
 On banks of streams as limpid, blue and calm
 As azure mild, diffusing vital balm;
 Immortal flowers they cull on hill, in vale,
 Nectarian springs they find in every dale,
 And wondrous mountains interchange with plain
 And all imborder a delicious main;
 Nor insects venomous, nor reptiles fell
 Infest the fields where those celestials dwell.
 But they Temptation bound are to defy,
 The gage of faith in this inferior sky,
 Where souls imperfect work for higher peace,
 By efforts rising to the realms of bliss.
 A mount there towers of unmeasured height
 To all renown: '*The Holy Mount of Light.*'
 This climbing they may reach a finer sphere
 Where gross attractions spirits need not fear.
 But, oh, the ways are dreadful, steep and long,
 The heat intense provokes the scaling throng
 To drink of founts that bubble all the way,
 In shady forests loitering to stay;
 Indulgencies engrossing spirits frail
 Who to control their greedy ardors fail,
 And by their weakness to the plains recoil,
 After uncounted years of ceaseless toil.
 Such is the fate—Deborah told me this—
 Of those who, freed from doom, must work for bliss.

IV.

"Of that enchanting Mount to reach the crown,
 That, like a sun, the whole emblazed and shone,

And lost itself in empyrean space,
 We now proceeded to ascend apace,
 And winging rose from lofty range to range,
 Where rugged tracts with meads did interchange,
 With highland groves, delectable brooks and springs,
 Bowers perfumed, replete with heavenly things,
 Supernal fruit, the bird which ever sings;
 With magic power they tired pilgrims lure
 Who hunger, thirst uncessantly endure.
 But they who rise must never, never stop
 Until they, purified, behold the top
 And view the cherub in his chariot bright,
 Who them uplifts to higher seats of light.
 Some penitents we mounting overtook,
 Whose names are mentioned in the sacred Book,
 And Adam, Eve I heard amid a crowd,
 Their primal sin confess, and weep aloud;
 For over those who in their mortal frame
 By vile indulgence did abase their name,
 And hurt the guiltless through their sinful course,
 The tempting charms above have whelming force.
 With that remorseful pair thus prayed the rest
 Who much have done on earth, but not the best.

V.

“Thee, greatest Sire, on *Merchabah's* Throne,
 Thee, Source of wisdom, grace, Thee, only One,
 What life and intellect possesses bless,
 The universe Thy greatness doth profess,
 Since worlds and seraphim and creatures all
 But fragments are of Thy unfathomed whole.
 Thou rayless orbs dost kindle with Thy breath,
 No beam of Thine sustains the rule of death,
 But from its clayey mass abash'd returns,
 And for its Source it ever longing burns.

Support us in our strain to scale this Mount,
And may we eye that ever-beaming Fount,
Whence seeds primordial for new worlds are spread,
And fiats peal, which wake to life the dead!
The tempting powers from our path remove,
Of our endeavors graciously approve;
And may our offsprings strong Temptation brave
Before they pass to Judgment through the grave!
Thus prayed the spirits in their upward course,
Then sought diversion in sublime discourse,
Concerning being, infinite degrees
Of rank in heavens, and life's varieties,
Imperfect virtues fail to penetrate,
Imputing all to a blind-ruling fate;
But they did justifying meditate
Of what is dark to man beneath the sway!
Of beastly passions clinging to his clay.

VI.

“Of all the roads that to the summit lead
The steepest we preferr'd with winged speed;
For straight was this, though hardest to ascend;
The other pilgrims longer ways did wend,
And sung the hymns of David's tuneful lyre
In notes which uttered their intense desire,
And from their eyes descended in a stream
The tears provoked by the inspiring theme.
With them I wept; Deborah in a glee
Perceived with smiles my flowing sympathy:
‘Regret not them endeared to Him above,
The tears are blest, the tears of fondest love
And hopeful prospects of a future sweet.
To sprights flee years as hours to mortals fleet,
And yearning these are purified and rise,
And win admittance to the upper skies,

Where stained as now they else could not upright
Behold the effluence of purent light.
The pilgrims here in their upstriving haste,
Even weeping blessedness divine foretaste.'

VII.

"While she bespoke me thus with heavenly cheer,
I on the summit kenn'd the charioteer
Angelic circumfused in brilliant light,
With splendor flooding the cerulean height,
Which globes illumined where in trunks earth-born
Free sky-bred virtues on their test sojourn.
Metathron, once as Henoch known below,
With love for praying man and sprights aglow,
Metathron, pleading cherub, there doth wait
In beams enshrined the souls to elevate,
Whose errors long contrition did efface,
Who sought and won the Majesty of Grace !
Such he anon to better seats conveys,
And ever waiting on the summit stays.
Astonished I did hear that pleader call
In loving voice: 'Be welcome, righteous Sol !
The prayers I did mediating place
Before the Throne of all-redeeming Grace.
These choicest daughters of the higher skies
Will thither lead thee where thou wilt see rise
Heavenly Jerusalem in Paradise.'
He spoke and to him drew a yearning throng
Of spirits, veiling them in rays; along
With this resplendent flood of scaling light
We rose and soon *Shumayim* had in sight.

VIII.

"But struck with blindness was my mortal gaze
By what transcendent, overpowering blaze.

That doth encompass as an atmosphere
 Those worlds, as air enwraps our planet here.
 Hadassah straight my grievous pains preceives,
 And of a burning flood to drink she gives
 A handful to my thirsting soul, when I,
 Regenerate, again behold the sky,
 And hear the sempiternal symphony,
 While parling thus the gentlest heavenly queen
 In sweet discourse explaining doth begin:
 'With angel's ken these blissful fields survey,
 Where after trials, noble beings stay
 Untempted, rapturous, and ever young,
 In bliss but uttered by transhuman tongue.
 The persecuted faithful, and the good,
 The minds who strove for human brotherhood,
 Who shield the widow, orphan in distress;
 Contrite transgressors, who their sins confess,
 The injured souls, who vengeance give no thought,
 The upright hearts, who bear resigned their lot;
 The generous who do innocence protect,
 Are of these realms the ever-blest Elect.'

IX.

"When she had spoken I, as falcon bent
 On fleeing game, my callous vision sent
 To distances unlimited, and there
 I radiant crowds of virtues everywhere
 Beheld past utterance benign and bright,
 All weaving garlands of supernal white,
 Which wafted odors of such wondrous balm,
 That, on a grave-yard fused, it, like the charm
 Of Endor's Witch, would through the ashes spread,
 And animate the decomposing dead.

X.

"Hail sainted souls ! for you angelic bards
 Such wreaths immortal weave as first rewards,
 When they in millions gather you to meet,
 Beflowered and crowned, praising you to greet,
 And on your temples glorious crowns to plant
 Of hues unfading and Elysian scent!
 As loving hearts whom distant seas divide,
 As longs the bridegroom for his loving bride,
 So those imparadised in yonder sphere
 With joy behold the landing charioteer;
Metathron's passengers with song and lute,
 With floral gifts the loving hosts salute,
 And to the coronation straight proceed,
 Enraptured to bestow the heavenly mead
 On beings claiming equal rank with them,
 The cherub's ken, Elysium's diadem!
 Triumphant spirits how your bliss portray
 In speech impeded by the weight of clay!
 Would I had something of those bards in me
 To sing the end of such festivity!

XI.

"As to a comet all the mortal races
 Upturn wondering their pensive, awful faces,
 So bent the spirits their exploring eyes,
 And him invoked to quit the upper skies
 Who on Mount Carmel sanctified the One,
 Then rose alive to His celestial throne.
 He, confidant of the supremest Will,
 Doth mysteries to inferior sprights reveal,
 Sometimes communing with the best beneath,
 While flesh-bound they the withering air yet breathe.
 Not pales more Luna in clear Cynthus' light,
 Than did *Shamayim* at Elijah's sight,

Who wrapt in lustre on a chariotee
Descending shed an all-emblazing sea;
And not less glaring sate close by his side
His worthy pupil, who the Jordan dried.
As when the waves toward the whirlpool sweep
And are engulfed in the vortex' deep,
So from remotest seats host after host,
By princess headed in one mass were lost,
Who near a compass did their course arrest,
A multitude that would the earth invest.
With cadenced symphonies the heaven-beloved
Cherubim sweet Elysium's regions moved.
The shining mountains and the groves divine,
The brooks and fountains living berylline,
The fields with herbage of supernal charms,
The flowers of life, ambrosia-breathing palms,
Refulgent oceans, and the breeze of bliss,
Enhanced the raptures of those harmonies.
'To Thee, oh Lord, the glory appertains!'
They sung combined in beatific strains;
And 'Holy, holy, holy is the One
The universe and hosts adore His Throne!'
Concluded the ineffable psalmody.
Then spoke the teacher with seraphic glee,
The spirits listened, lost in ecstasy,
To revelations high no mortal mind
May comprehend while in a frame confined.
And as a man in climes of foreign tongue
The speech ignores, but may delight in song,
Which gives expression to a soul that feels,
A heart's emotion to a heart reveals,
So I, though strange to what the seraph said,
Could from the transport all the hosts displayed,
Conceive of feelings words but half can say,
Myself enraptured with the sacred lay.

The audience grand, as if held in a trance,
Still dreamy gazed in blissful, mute suspense,
When the instructor with his blessed friend,
Did, like a flash, to their abode ascend.
My guides, pursuing the enormous trail,
With me the skyey wall did hymning scale.

XII.

“Thou Spirit, who the shepherd’s stammering speech
Didst chose a world Thy love and truth to teach,
Inspire me when I shall sing of them,
Who ever dwell in that Jerusalem
Which in the midst of *Zadek’s* circle glares,
Ordained for Israel’s most virtuous heirs!
Below *Shamayim’s* fiery orbs we had
And *Zadek’s* neared, which such effulgence shed,
That I in vain my palms laid on my sight
To screen it ’gainst that penetrating light,
Which far transcended what I lower deemed
The brightest effluence that ever beamed.
‘Impart that power which the maid requires
To stand the rays of purest, heavenly fires!’
Thus Esther to her mate multipotent,
Who the request benignantly did grant.
She on mine eyelids press’d her seraph’s kiss,
Enduing me with strength to bear that bliss,
Which I beheld with open sense and eye
As we did land in yon most blessed sky.
Oh, man! boast not too loud of what thy skill,
Thy genius, might, thy life-long strains fulfill!
Ye princes, kings, and mighty potentates,
Who strive for fame, for crowns, and reign of states;
Ye senseless crowds, who in a phantom chase
Your substance waste, the span of hurrying days;
Your great achievements, victories, and gold,

How long can you enjoying them behold?
 Even those who living sate upon a throne
 With pomp environed, and with splendor shone,
 Who thinks of them when they are dead and gone,
 Unless with virtue they did fill their space
 And won in heavens a high immortal place !
 What blooms on earth is doomed to wane and die,
 Some things decay, and others petrify,
 And youth eternal reigns but in the sky !
 And what beneath deemed precious, dear and fine,
 Of metals, art, of stones that glowing shine,
 Is worth one hour in yonder Paradise
 Which fills with glory all the blissful skies !

XIII.

“ *Shamayim's* wonders here enhanced I view'd
 Surround the Zion of beatitude,
 Where bide in sweetest bliss the favored sons
 Of Him enthroned upon the Throne of thrones !
 ‘ If known to thee are those of sacred fame,
 Within yon place thou wilt behold the same
 On lofty seats inlaid with wondrous gems,
 All haloed with seraphic diadems.
 Endowed with sight *Merchabah's* flame to bear
 They in beatitude supernal share;
 And when the sanctities in grand array
 Proceed to sanctify the Seventh Day,
 They from the Temple's precincts see the face
 Of Him who Justice wedded to mild Grace !’
 Lapidoth thus beatifying me,
 Before in sanctitude we prayed all three;
 Then came a voice of sweetest symphony:
 ‘ She is admitted to the blissful choir
 Who lived like saints, as martyrs did expire;
 They pass unhurt through yonder gate of fire !’

On burning pavement through a flaming arch,
Mid sheets of blaze we three along did march,
Into a region by the ardor driven,
Of trees and herbs which seraphim enliven,
And balm diffuse amid ambrosial heaven.
This boundless garden with refulgent bowers,
Was being emptied by Elysian powers,
Who, dancing, sung to beatific strains,
And circling moved athwart the fragrant plains
Toward a portal where emblazoned clear
Was seen upon a pendent diamond sphere:
'Tis the Lord's gate, the righteous enter here.'

XIV.

"Thrice blessed beings, who that city own,
'The seraph's ken, and the transcendent crown,
And nigh the Temple bide of beryl stone !
On sapphires treading, which that Zion pave,
I saw the hosts who for their Lord did brave
The Heathen's tortures and the Gentile's ire,
On thrones outsparkling scintillating fire,
In roses stationed of divinest balms
Pavilioned by grand, paradisaical palms.
As constellations in ethereal blue,
But glittering more than stars to mortal view,
Stood thickly clustered group by group the thrones
Of kindred wearing beatific crowns,
And garbs seraphic which in brilliancy
With sunny rays victoriously could vie,
And suns that glare in yonder galaxy.
Like this the hosts in vastness did extend;
For whitherward I gazed there was no end
To the assemblage of immortal lights,
Bright meads adorning, plains and blazing heights,
And wafting music of ineffable glee

Toward the Source of light and harmony!
As from afar the snowy peaks appear
Beyond the soaring moon their heads to rear,
But, on approach, prove lower than the sky,
Though vast and oftentimes wonderfully high,
So seemed the Sanctuary at a glance
A sky-roofed mount of beryl glitterance,
Which all the stars did multiplied reflect,
And all the glories of the grand Elect.

XV.

“Still did my spirit on the grandeur feed
Of that supernal, sacred pyramid,
When from twelve hills a treble call of love
The blessed saints thus caused to rise and move;
‘The High-priest calls, ye sanctities divine,
’Tis time to praise Jehovah in His Shrine!’
At this the hosts upon their faces fall,
Then rise and sing, and do the One extol;
Forthwith to Zion’s vale they *Kidron* call,
The seraphim in flaming clusters stride,
And there in tribes the multitudes divide,
Each tribe a nation of celestial kings,
With crowns and sceptres, and seraphic wings.
Twelve banners flutter with the names of them,
Who fought and wept for old Jerusalem.
But higher than these ensigns sparkles one
With burning lustre, like a starry zone:
It is the banner of Jochebed’s son
Who shines in heavens a thousand times as bright,
As when he judges in the realms of night!
‘Rise up, oh Lord, the adverse powers hate
Thy truth and light, Thy foes annihilate!’
These words of Moses all the saints arouse,
Who loud exclaim: ‘Revere great Levi’s House!

Six hosts to right, six to the left now stand,
Ov'r hundred leagues each power doth extend,
Betwixt them runs a wide, resplendent way,
Where ministers elect themselves array.
First he bemourled on the top of Hor,
Who still as High-Priest doth the Lord adore,
With his descendants wrapt in radiance stood;
Behind the crowns of martyr'd womanhood,
As lilies sweet among the roses shine,
As edged with gold the gem, the berylline,
With soft effulgence covered vast a space,
All crowned and sceptred with celestial grace,
Between the High-Priest and the priestly train
These gracious saints possess the heavenly plain.
Their leading seraph, Hannah once her name,
Whose sons Antiochus have put to shame,
And died exhorted by their mother's word
As truest servants of the greatest Lord,
A blazing halo seven-fold doth crown,
Each for the sacrifice of every son.
These seven spirits and the martyr'd Ten
I now around the glorious shepherd ken,
Whose bright compeers, the sires of our race,
Our sages, prophets clad in sacred blaze,
The House of David, triumphant Maccabees,
The great synhedrins, the arbiters of peace,
Between the myriads of the priestly train
And those of Levites, like a glowing main,
Did with their files emblaze the shining plain.
And when the hosts in triumph thus arrayed,
In beatific strains their bliss betrayed,
In strains enravishing seraphic ears
And making spirit shed angelic tears,
Twelve fiery pillars of transcendent beams
From awful heights shot down in burning streams,

And centring all upon the glorious Shrine,
Proclaimed the Presence of His Grace Divine!

XVI.

“The grand possession, hymning, now advances,
In sports indulging and in sacred dances;
Twelve portals lead them to the Temple’s fold
Which billion billions in its space can hold;
The High-Priest enters the most holy Shrine
And there adores Jehovah, the Benign;
His voice is music, and his prayer grand,
With him the hosts their vows and praise upsend,
And prostrate sink in awful, sacred glee
When named they hear the One Divinity!
We from a mount behold the heavenly show,
The skies on flame, the gemmy Shrine aglow
With sparkling hues; and hear the High-Priest pray
For human kind Temptation leads astray,
For Israel who, faithful to his creed,
In many lands, while spreading truth, doth bleed.
And thus reminded of my people’s fate,
My parents’ sorrow, and my sublunar state,
The slumbering pangs within my bosom grow,
Emotion stirs, the eyes do overflow;
Divine Hadassah knows my inmost grief,
Her words are pregnant with profound relief,
Though some oppressive, indefinable pain
Doth in my soul’s recesses yet remain.

XVII.

“‘Weep not, oh daughter!’ thus the queen exclaims,
‘Whose name shall live with all immortal names.
I read thy thoughts, thy sentiments are clear,
They dear to thee, to us not less are dear,
Who know the wrongs, the outrages they bear,

And with Compassion in their suffering share.
 Man sunk in sin ignobly doth proceed
 To glut his lust, his envy, and his greed,
 And Israel, to check fell Vice decreed,
 Is long the victim of his godless foes,
 Who crimes on crimes do heap and woes on woes.
 But change is nigh, not far are glorious times,
 When juster ages will abhor the crimes
 Of ancestors who rank below the brute
 Whose bloody instincts they by deeds dispute!'
 She speaks, and round her beauteous, haloed head
 I see a cloud of passing sorrow spread;
 For longer not than in a furnace ice,
 Can sorrows last in beatific skies.
 And now a sound harmonious, sweet, and grand
 The sanctities repeatedly upsend,
 And song and prayer in the Temple end.
 The millions issue from the portals bright
 In holy transport, rapturous delight;
 They dance, they move and shake the lustrous ground,
 Their symphonies throughout the heavens resound;
 They praise, they worship, name the Holy One
 Whom they behold upon *Merchabah's* Throne,
 Though not His beams, the purest of the pure,
 Ev'n they undazzled may a space endure.

XVIII.

"While they thus warbling to their sports proceed
 My guides and I, resuming straight our speed,
 The highest mountain of that world ascend
 And on its crown of fiery jewels we land.
 Here Deborah in kindly words to me:
 'Desire not, oh, Sol, yet more to see
 Than thou from hence canst of yon spheres behold,
 Which light and mysteries profound infold.

Amid the blest who in this Zion bide
 Thou shalt be crowned, a young, immortal bride,
 When more than now thou wilt of worlds descry,
 And more of wonders in yon upper sky;
 For endless, awful is the starry space
 Above our circle, known the *Spheres of Grace*.
Merchabah there infinitely doth rise,
 Jehovah's Throne, embracing all the skies!
 Now if thy breast some ardent vows conceal,
 Ere down we speed, these vows to us reveal.
 And I, as guiltless child who dares not prove
 His innocence to win a parent's love,
 At length takes heart, and, as he opes his lips,
 He sighing speaks, and speaking pleads and weeps,
 So I my tears allowed once more to run,
 And pleading thus, with heaving breast, began:

XIX.

“ ‘Oh, star of Persia, once by him adored,
 Who, thee to please, did break his royal word;
 And thou, Lapidoth, who a realm subdued,
 And won the crown of brilliant womanhood,
 Since to seraphim mortal breasts reveal
 Their secret longings and their ardent zeal,
 You know the gratitude for you I feel,
 A maid whose virtues cannot justly claim
 Of coming ages your immortal fame.
 But pardon when, yet sharing in their throes,
 I rue the fierceness of our brethren's woes,
 Who breast a globe of unrelenting foes,
 A dolorous subsistence scarce can find,
 While praying for, and blessing human kind!
 How long shall Israel remain, oh say,
 Of brutes he strives to humanize the prey!
 Have seraphim no power here above

To plead for beings whom on earth they love,
And spare mankind the infamous disgrace
Of outraging the chosen priestly race?
There is redemption in the stores of Time
For human suffering, sinfulness, and crime;
There is reward for every wrong sustained,
Auspicious hours for every soul disdained,
And Isreal doth meekly hear his wrong,
But now and then exclaim: Oh, Lord, how long!’

xx.

“‘Beloved of Heaven, beatified, sweet Sol,
Restrain thy tears, thy inward grief control,
And, like our people, bear with patience meek
Our brethren’s fate, nor explanation seek
Of things the seraphim but half conceive,
Who more than mortals know, still more believe.
They born the spiritual man to frame
Must not for pleasures thirst, but deathless fame;
For to the dreamer more his dreams are worth
Than gross enjoyment to the great on earth;
And they who ease to duty sacrifice
Are nearest Him, who rules the boundless skies.
The days, the moons, the years, and ages speed,
The thoughtless creature doth his doom not heed,
Not keep unstained the bright celestial ray
Exempt from change, mortality, decay,
But yields to matter’s overwhelming sway,
Till lost to shame, and of a soul impure,
The good and virtuous he cannot endure!
His father’s darling, Joseph, stirr’d the hate
In brothers’ heart who tried to seal his fate,
And sold their best to their immense disgrace,
Yet he saved them, the savior of his race;
Remorseful then before the slave they bowed,

The shameful treason weeping they avowed;
With them he wept, their treason he forgave,
Their gracious lord, each one his willing slave;
So Israel with heaven-chosen seed
Ungrateful nations lovingly doth feed.
And bow they shall before that race august
Who lead the present as they led the past,
The knights of truth, the ministers of light,
The thinker's awe, the champions of right !'

XXI.

"'So far, not farther, child!' I heard them say,
'Go where thy body doth in darkness lay;
Thy friends awaiting, sorrowing there stand,
Thy friend, thy lover weeps, descend, descend!'
At this deep sadness did my soul invade,
My guides forsook me and the stars did fade;
Methought I fell astonishingly fast,
Around me night her gloomy shades did cast.
Would I could weep and thus my bosom free
Of gnawing pain, heart-writhing misery!
Why must the innocent, the babe new-born
Sustain the woes of this obscure sojourn,
Be like a leaflet fallen from a tree,
An unmanned vessel hurled by the sea,
A restless pilgrim destined by his birth
To weather storm, temptation brave on earth!
Such thoughts my sadness on the mind did urge,
When from the dark I saw ye both emerge,
And thanked the Lord, who from his funds above
Bestowed on man the heavenly gift of love.
This ends my vision full of dread and bliss,
The endless space is fraught with mysteries;
My soul is yearning for the blessed skies,
A child of woe untimely never dies."

XXII.

The maiden ends her awe-inspiring dream,
 Her friends are mute, and both astonished seem;
 The sceptic youth, who miracles disdains,
 Ascribed the vision to excited brains.
 Not thus Elias of the vision thought,
 And revelations in the tale he sought;
 For He who prophets with the truth inspires,
 The poet's soul with sacred thrilling fires,
 Why should He not reward a martyr's zeal,
 Not in a vision mysteries reveal?
 Ben Zion saw in his enchanting bride
 Her guides and seraphim personified;
 To dreamy realms he never longed to rise,
 For earth with Sol to him seemed Paradise.
 To think with him he strove to win the maid,
 Suasively he spoke, and this he said:

XXIII.

"Not ready as thou art, oh dove, am I
 To scale with thee the vast, mysterious sky,
 Though, in thy grave to rest, I fain would die;
 For never can me hope or pleasure meet,
 Without thy love, thy smile, attachment sweet.
 Instead of brooding over fancies dim,
 Let cheerful prospects be our present theme,
 Let sunny hope our hearts enclose, and pluck;
 Nor hate thy life before thy hour is struck.
 Whatever comes when we from here depart,
 No one dies timely who doth break a heart,
 And many hearts, now bleeding for thy sake,
 At thy departure would forever break.
 But for my parent to my soul endeared,
 A senseless race this life to me appeared,

Till love hath taught me what I have to lose
Since thee my soul to be her image choose.
Wilt thou resistless thus thy loving one
Lamenting, hopeless leave beneath alone?
Thy great resolve and self-denying zeal,
Thy faith in truth with unstained blood to seal,
No world can more than I myself admire;
For truth we live, for truth we should expire !
Yet speak of death not, think of thy defense,
And be prepared to prove thy innocence;
Expose vile Infamy, outrageous Lie,
Enticement scorn, all menaces defy,
Thy rights assert, not unresisting die !
We go to Fez, and will our means not spare
In winning Moors who may assist us there
And thus effect thy invaluable release,
Which will the storm in many breasts appease !”

XXIV.

Who lives to say the wringings of a heart,
That from the dearest must forever part !
The warrior's widow wailing in the field,
The cold hand kissing which her home did shield;
The infant's mother who with anguished raves
To see her child inhumed amid the graves;
And all the losses nursing mad despair
Are strongly felt by you, ill-fated pair!
Them wise Elias now in mute distress
With fondest ardors views each other press !
The sage pathetic at the entrance stood;
Though time hath chill'd the fever of his blood,
He knew the rule that sways the youthful sense,
The rashness, love, the hate and pains intense.
Now, as the scream of some demoniac owl
That startles man with his unearthly howl,

So coarse and sudden bid the friends to start
 A husky voice, which cried: "Depart, depart!"
 They tarried not, Elias urged to run,
 Ere dawn would gray, the vanguard of the sun.
 The Moor, impatient, lest the break of day
 The Hebrews' presence would to all betray,
 Renewed his call: "Be gone, ye Jews, away!"
 Oh cruel friend, who would no second wait,
 But stepp'd between the pair to separate
 The fondest bosoms love has ever rent!
 He soothed the girl, and with the youth he went,
 Who kissed his bride and sobbing left the tent.
 The brightening east announced the youngest day,
 The youth walked silent, and the old did pray;
 He prayed in Moses' and Jesaiah's tongue,
 He sung the psalms and slowly march'd along;
 The rising sphere his mellow splendors rayed,
 His prayers ending, this Elias said:

xxv.

"Behold how mild the early, sunny flood
 Is shed on mount and valley, field and wood;
 The tree, the leaf, the blade, the sparkling flower
 The love proclaim of the supremest Power,
 And all the warbling flocks their throats combine
 To trill the glories of the One benign!
 By instinct led dumb creatures find delight,
 While man with others and himself doth fight,
 And seldom knows contentment, joyance mild,
 As if he were the wildest of the wild!
 To Him is will, to him is reason given,
 To him the earth, to him the light of heaven,
 Yet discontented with what he receives,
 With all he hath, with all his mind achieves,
 He could not rest if all this world were his

But one beside, who with him shared in this.
 Wouldst thou not with our sages coincide,
 Who think him richest who is satisfied
 With what this life in passing for him brings;
 And wisest him who more believes than thinks?
 That is not wisdom which in doubt doth end,
 Sweet human happiness to mar doth tend,
 The azure's smile with mourning palls doth robe,
 The light obscures and makes a jail this globe.
 Why long the ocean's fearful deeps to sound,
 Why thirst for treasures in that black profound
 Where fearful sights the precious gems surround?
 The ocean cross upon the playing wave,
 With trust in Heaven the blowing tempest brave,
 And stand a man in shipwreck's dreadful hour
 When gulfs do ope thy phantoms to devour!
 I stood life's storm; my faith supported me
 Against the brunt of fierce adversity!"

XXVI.

"Thy lip speaks wisdom," straight the youth began,
 "Would I could say: 'I bore it like a man!'
 But what I bear are agonies that last,
 Thy sorrows, griefs are trials of the past;
 And then how reach the sky-confiding trust!
 Ah, happy thou who seest a goal in life
 Where I behold but jarring, noisy strife;
 A world of tyrants, hypocrites, and knaves,
 Of pedants, dupes, of Epicures and slaves,
 Who think the stars were kindled for their sake!
 Oh, may these dreamers never thus awake
 And, like me, find their sorrowful mistake!
 Him not who looks beyond this world's profile
 Imagination's golden webs beguile;
 Him singing birds, and green, and colors fair,

This planet's wealth, the reign of earth and air,
 The star-lit vault, all, as a brilliant pall,
 One truth proclaim—Man like the beast must fall!
 What though we pleasures seek, and pomp, and fame,
 On love and virtue glowingly declaim,
 Alas, where bides the fortunate who can
 Them call his own, where dwells that happy man!
 Satiety blunts the zest of all our joys,
 In part we taste delights of sweetest choice,
 Alone adversity in full we meet,
 Our joys are half, our sorrows are complete!
 A sombre task it is, forsooth, to see,
 And play oneself perforce the tragedy
 The sons of Eve upon the stage of Time
 Must represent in every age and clime,
 Who know full well that when they leave the scene
 Their struggling offsprings must the play begin!
 Who is the wise and who the fool, no mind
 That ever wrought and thought for human kind
 Hath to the point successfully defined.
 Of course, the doctors in their bulky lore
 In nature's bosom plunge and all explore;
 The land, the air, the water, all they try
 To analyze and subtly specify;
 The origin of things, the human race
 To times remote they wisely backward trace,
 And by this method they did much acquire
 Who claim the ape to be their oldest sire,
 Nor hope for aught when once they shall expire.
 If this be true, then let us man deplore,
 If this be false, what gods shall we adore?
 No gods they worship who presume to think,
 But crowds untaught before some idol sink!
 From darkness sprung, to darkness we return,
 In dark we grope, in vain for truth we burn.

Where is the aim of what we seem to see?
Ourselves and all remain a mystery!
But why unmanly thus of fate complain,
When thought is grief, remonstrances are pain!"
Though full of trust in the supernal guide,
Elias doubt in thinkers justified;
Yet thus correcting the unresting youth
He calmly championed the cause of truth.

XXVII.

"I am the last my reason's gates to shut,
The last to nurse blind faith, devoid of thought,
For thus our fathers say, who wisdom taught:
'He knoweth not the statutes of the Lord,
Who cannot reason to His Law accord;
The angel who to Providence man links,
The angel is the mind, the mind that thinks.'
But few, I grant, in our diurnal feud
The prickings of misfortune can elude;
But sprung from naught, short-sighted, who are we
To judge of Heaven's ways, our destiny!
We suffer, true, deserve we more, explain!
Why claim we over earth and beast domain?
To satisfy our wants, to glut our greed
The land, the oceans yield, the beast must bleed,
And sun and moon and all the orbs on high
Must rise and set our comforts to supply,
While we, ungrateful, never cease to sigh;
Enjoy the gifts, and murmur, croak, and groan,
And the great Giver faintly would dethrone!
Thyself hast seen what after hundred ages
The doubters know, that school of monkey-sages,
Who throw their dignity, their faith away,
Deem tailed baboons nor more nor less than they!
With doubting in man's knowledge I began

The wisest portion of this race to run;
The soul and heart of those who pains endure
Religiousness alone and prayers cure.
If suffering here thou canst not lift thy mind,
In Fortune's arms thou faith wilt never find.
What do to tranquilize a stormy breast?
The conscience tells, the prophet saith the rest.
Support the widow, the orphan's rights defend,
The hungry feed, the helpless do attend;
The naked clothe, the captive do release,
Rely on Heaven—here is the source of peace!
The sight of nature will then bright appear,
The fair repute the gladdened soul will cheer,
And age and night, and death can raise no fear
In one unspotted who departeth hence
With love from all, with calm of conscience.
And these true principles, thy best, thy own,
Our people's boast, to every Hebrew known,
More worthy are of Hazan's only heir,
Than sterile doubt, the offshoot of despair.
'Diffusing light God-given by discourse
And unresisting argument, by force
Of love and charity, is glory pure
Nor kingly triumphs can, nor time obscure.
A god-like attribute possesses man,
Who with his lofty mind, his earnings can
Uncounted beings raise above the brute,
What beast possesses such an attribute!
Jehovah gives and mortal man can give,
And be, like God, to him who doth receive
The timely help from a well-doing soul,
The maxims leading to the noblest goal.'
Well said, my son, a god-like gift it is;
May ever be thy soul imbued with this!"

Ben Zion, smiling, shook Elias' hand,
 He lov'd the sage, his venerable friend.
 Exhausted by a sleepless night and long
 Fatigues they, slow and silent, walk'd along
 The dusty road until they came across
 A wood, shady, delicious, cool, with moss
 And grass and flowers; here on a turfy spot
 They found repose; the atmosphere grew hot,
 The chirping fledglings nestled in the trees,
 Among the flowers, the butterflies, the bees,
 The humming-birds, and thousand kinds at least
 Of flies and worms did on the herbage feast.
 The tired wanderers lulled in sweetest dreams,
 Now on a sudden startled at the screams
 And vulgar imprecations which did break
 The quarter's quiet, and the air did shake.
 Sol's escort was it which they saw in full
 Afar pass by; the maiden on a mule
 Was seated, followed by her lover's eye
 Who sadly cried: "Good bye, oh, dear, good bye!"
 Then, speeding onward, they did Fez behold
 Resplendent in the sun's suffusing gold.
 The town they entered both as Moors disguised,
 No one in them the Hebrews recognized,
 Until amid their brethren they did stand,
 And were received with friendly heart and hand.
 The rabbis and the elders hasty came,
 Each eagerly one of the guests did claim,
 But rabbi Serfaty, the sheik, and
 Jedidiah Monsoniego, his hoar friend,
 Among them did the honored guests divide.
 Jedidiah speaking scarce his joy could hide
 That in his house the messenger would bide:

“Ay, ay!” the pastor spoke, benignantly,
“Did ever such two wanderers agree,
The holy Talmud and philosophy?
The messenger from holy soil I bless,
And thee, my son, of English thought not less.
I oft beseech the Lord for Albion’s might,
Who hath a word for our infringed right.
Long years ago I heard the people say
That Hazan’s boy in foreign schools did stay;
But never did I hope the youth to see,
Whose presence now confirms once more to me
The wisdom of our sages saying: ‘Two men
May meet in life, two mountains never can.’
Thou knowest much, I guess, but canst know more;
There are deep wonders in our sacred lore;
Of every science it contains the gist,
The wisest sage is sure the Talmudist.”

XXIX.

So spoke the oldest minister of them
Whose heart and soul long’d for Jerusalem;
Who lived a life of wretchedness extreme,
And hoped Messiah would them soon redeem.
But when Elias did the purpose tell,
Why they were there, and what the maid befell,
All cheer did vanish, and all brows grew dim,
And grief and fear became the current theme;
Dark stories now of recent and of old
By many elders to the guests were told.
“The Lord of Israel can save!” exclaimed
The hoary Monsoniego, all inflamed
With boundles trust in Him who rules the skies;
He spoke the word with bright, upturned eyes,
And all the rabbis and the elders grave
Did cry: “The Lord of Isreal can save!”

Interps

Eulogy.

I.

“The Lord of Israel can save !” repeat
The friends and neighbors who conversing meet,
And joined hurry to salute the guests,
Whose place, meanwhile a curious crowd invests.
Compassionately in the maiden’s fate
By sighs and vows and hopes participate
The female partners of the Jewish wrongs,
Who likewise gather in retired throngs,
The bridegroom praise, and for the maiden pray,
Whom Heaven may aid upon her thorny way.
Where Sol resides none of the Hebrews knows,
The *Mellah’s* gates are shut when dark it grows;
For night must not, so wills the cruel Moor,
The Jew behold beyond his quarter’s door;
And just did vanish from the mortal’s view
The source of day, and every beam withdrew.
In twilight still conversing of the times
Jedidiah meant, that naught surpass’d the crimes
Of Moslem outrage sanctioned by the laws,
Which treated Israelites as alien foes.
In Egypt scarce the bondage had been worse
Than here ! for nor on stately mule nor horse
In town the Hebrew was allowed to ride;
In filthy quarters he was doom’d to bide;
His daughters he from Moorish lust must hide;

Beyond his gate he must barefooted walk,
Before a court he had no right to talk
As witness; nor to lift a manly hand
Against assault his manhood to defend.
At princely births the laws did him require
To dower richly the insatiate sire.
The soldier's wear poor Jewish girls must mend,
And those were flogg'd who would not straight attend.
In such a strain the elders more or less
Did to the strangers all their pains confess,
And had still longer outlined their distress,
Had not Serfaty thought it time and wise,
By taking leave, to make the others rise.
"To-morrow," said he, "we together come;
Our friends must rest, thus let us now go home.
I take the youth, the messenger bide here,
The rugged lanes may hurt the old, I fear."

II.

"The sheik left, the others followed soon,
The eve was dark, there was nor star nor moon;
Upon his way Serfaty met the brave
And faithful watchmen, whom he orders gave,
And soon behind him closed the heavy door;
Deep silence ruled; there was a breeze, no more.
Some hours did pass, it was the ghostly hour
When, as from lion's breast the dreadful roar,
A manly voice came sounding forth with might,
And, spreading fast, made fearful solemn night.
It was a deep-felt mourning, stirring call
Which did the unaccustomed ear appall,
And move the spiritual regions high,
The feeling bosom caused to heave and sigh.
Jedidiah was it who in sackcloth wrapt
Thus Zion's fall lamenting loudly wept:

“Oh Zion, Zion, thou unwedded bride,
Thou scene of mourning, where the juckals bide;
Unholy feet thy sacred soil profane,
Thy heirs, alas, do yearn for thee in vain!
How darkens every hour thy lovely face,
An Eden once, how barren now thy space!
Not milk and honey from thy bosom flow,
But thorns and thistles in abundance grow,
Where fruits were blooming of delicious kind
On crystal streams, where stony channels wind!
For thee the residents of Goshen fought,
For thee they bled, they fell—they viewed thee not,
But oh! that thou wouldst be their offspring’s clime
They hoped—a hope not realized by time!
For scattered over all the spacious globe
They wear the exile’s brand, the mourner’s robe!
Our sons are broken by the tyrant’s force,
Our daughter’s shame than all our ills are worse,
We upward gaze and see a clouded sky,
And find no peace until we sink and die!
The weather-beaten vessel finds a strand;
There is no creature living on the land
But hath some hiding spot for rest secure,
Save Zion’s orphans, who the worst endure!
But Thou, oh Lord, well knowest what is best,
In Thee we trust, Thy name be ever blest!”

III.

Then from the floor hoar Monsoniego rose,
And from a shelf of many tomes he chose
A giant volume which he open laid
And in it read and mused; each line he weigh’d,
Each word he ponder’d ov’r with pensive brow.
A world of legend, fable, and of law
On every sacred page he treasured saw,

And deem'd that lore wherein the wise converse
 The truest mirror of the universe.
 For never sages lived nor ever will,
 Like those who did the holy Talmud fill
 With wisdom due to superhuman thought,
 With what Elijah from the heavens brought.
 Next to this lore Jedidiah did profess
 A boundless awe for great Maimonides,
 Whose erudition, ethics, and advice
 The *Iad* embodies, like an edifice
 Of stones and metals dug from every ground,
 Diverse in hue, but marvelously sound.
 The parent, child, the husband, wife, the bride,
 The teacher, man, the sinner finds a guide
 In that prodigious work Jedidiah read
 With spectacles on nose and covered head,
 Until his taper paled before the day,
 When to his Lord the minister did pray.
 Two score of years with priestly firmness he
 Sustained his flock in dire calamity.
 He taught the youth, the Law divine he preached,
 With hope and faith he every heart enriched,
 And stood consoling at the patient's bed,
 Conveyed to heavens the departing dead.
 Twelve years ago the ruling Shereef came
 His parent's throne and all his rights to claim;
 The prince was crowned, the empire did bow
 And every tribe came homage him to show,
 Who deigned the Hebrews friendly to receive,
 When they arrived rich presents him to give.
 But them a crowd, as homeward they advanced,
 With stones assaulted and with javelins lanced;
 Three elders died, Jedidiah on the ground,
 Unconscious, wounded, by his sons was found,
 Who bravely at the fatal scene arrived

To save their sire, whom they soon revived.
A lovely daughter and a babe he had,
His sons were absent, and his wife was dead.

IV.

The morrow brightens and the sun doth rise
And with him wakes the messenger, the wise,
Serfaty comes, his tidings all surprise;
As he begins, they think the sheik sports,
While he in earnest briefly thus reports:
“My news, perchance, will doubt in you arouse,
Who never dreamt that in sly Bindris’ house
A Jewess would with honors be received,
As if in false Mohammed she believed.
Interpret as you please this curious sign,
I see behind it lurk some dark design;
Sure, Veaki Bindris, hateful and astute,
For threats and force devised a substitute.
How shall we now with such a problem cope,
Who in our aid can call but faith and hope?
If we petition, we beseech in vain,
The court, the emperor the Jew disdain!”
He spoke no more, for just the youth did come
To say that waiting at the sheik’s home
A slave with orders from the palace stood,
With urgent orders, so he understood.
Serfaty knew, he had no time to waste
When thus required, and he left in haste.

V.

Meanwhile environed with a harem’s ease,
A train of slaves whose duty was to please,
Sol, reticent, suspectful, grave, sedate,
But little seemed the gaudy pomp to rate,
And all attractions offered to her sense

She did requite with cold indifference.
 "Be on thy guard, they are not genuine
 The loves and friendships of a concubine,
 And all this ostentatious, dull display
 Intended is thy faith, Sol, to betray.
 My lover's word more magic hath for me
 Than all the charms of Moslem gallantry.
 In this half-dim voluptuous abode,
 After the hardships of a painful road,
 I am undubitably out of place,
 Unless they meditate some new disgrace.
 But I am ready, fools, the worst to face
 And shall defeat whatever you devise
 My faith, my love, and virtue to entice.
 No innocence to such a seat retires,
 Where ever smoulder most unheavenly fires
 Of vice the day is loathe to shine upon,
 Despite of luxury these ladies don,
 This air of attar and of cinnamon.
 I would they brought me to a jail from here,
 *Where I could breathe a purer atmosphere
 Than this, which sickens heart and soul in me,
 This breath of lecherous polygamy!"

VI.

Thus when alone, the maiden spoke and thought,
 After the *Nazir* fine refectious brought,
 And slaves instructed richly her to dress
 In silk and cashmere, all gratuitous.
 "For," said the eunuch, "Buidris ordered me
 To treat thee like his beauteous company.
 Thine eyelids, nails by azure tints refined,
 Will raise thy beauty in our master's mind,
 Who loves the fairest of the female kind.
 All Fezzian women would, forsooth, be proud

To live amid his chosen, happy crowd.”
Sol strove against it, but she strove in vain,
The slaves obeyed the eunuch chamberlain;
They wash’d, they robed her in a quaint attire,
Her cheek refresh’d shone like a roseate fire,
The tints applied, her loveliness made rare,
And Bindris thought, she was the fairest fair.
For he, the potent minister of state,
Did overhear the maiden’s self-debate,
Her firm resolve enticement to evade,
To thwart the schemes her enemies have laid;
And though disheartened he at once retired
By her unseen, he yet the girl admired.
He durst not face her and sustain defeat,
Ere he the Sultan did in council meet;
Thus early he proceeded to the court
And of the issue offered his report,
Suggesting there, that with the rabbis’ aid
They could, perhaps, the lovely girl persuade.

VII.

Thus call’d is Serfaty, while in debate
Engaged the elders for the sheik wait.
“If any means we have, why, let us see
If we in using them may well agree.
A zealot is the Moor, I know too well,
And will, for sure, the maid by force compel,
Perhaps by tortures, thumbscrews, thongs, and rods
To kneel before his altars and his gods.
Yet truly menial is his greedy soul,
And base enjoyment seems his highest goal.
He should from drink and worldliness abstain;
His Prophet said, they were the Moslem’s bane.
So teach the *imans*, and the wine they swill;
I oft for them did bellied tankards fill,

And saw them drunk and wallow like the swine,
 Their slaves ill-treat, or whip some concubine.
 He is a sinner, loathsome and abject;
 Know you a Moor whom coins would not affect?"
 Pariente thus, the wealthiest of them all,
 A swarthy figure, pensive, lean and tall,
 With heavy locks and eyebrows long and gray;
 In all that happened much he had to say
 As president of all the Fezzian Jews;
 And his were calm and independent views.
 A merchant was he of all sorts of wine
 In France fermented, Spain, and on the Rhine,
 And from his cellar tuns of wine did reach
 The reverent lips which did in mosques preach.
 His liquors on the royal table stood,
 His flagons found the harem's womanhood;
 What could, thought he, not such a man effect,
 Although a Jew, among those saint Elect?
 In this Jedidiah could no prudence see
 And begged permission thus to disagree:

VIII.

"Consider well with whom we have to deal,
 Our foes are they to whom we must appeal
 For favors bought, and promises they break,
 Though ever eager heavy bribes to take.
 How much it costs to win a menial scribe!
 Wilt thou the Bindris and the Shereefs bribe?
 If they in Tangier wasted sums in vain,
 We reason have from bribing to refrain;
 For not the crown a verdict can reverse
 The *imans* base upon a sacred verse,
 And they in *Edris* and in *Charoubin*,
 Those hard-shelled priests, no price, no gold can win.
 Them fears the court, and them the Sultan fears,

The ruler sinks who with them interferes.
To pray and suffer is the Hebrew's lot,
The One can help when human help is short.
If He did not the maiden's fall decree,
She will to-morrow or to-day be free.
On Him rely who made the sea subside,
And threw on Egypt the devouring tide;
He, full of wonders, He can save the bride !"
Jedidiah spoke, the others shook consent,
In every eye there gleam'd discouragement;
Dejected round him now the bridegroom gazed
And thus complainingly his voice he raised:

IX.

"Can nothing short of wonders save thee, Sol,
And I am here to witness, love, thy fall !
Oh friends, to count on wonders, means to waive
What human skill and effort cannot save;
And mine is not the soul that all endures
With patient, faith in miracles that cures.
As one who eager to increase by stealth
His ample means, accumulated wealth
And, while his safes with swelling treasures burst,
He still for lucre feels a raving thirst,
And would all nature plunder and the skies,
His peace, himself to Mammon sacrifice;
So I, once happy in my parents' home,
Have stolen knowledge, stolen martyrdom.
My father help'd me to uprear the fence
Of happy faith, still happier ignorance,
And now that vulture on my brains doth feed,
Whose talons made Prometheus' liver bleed !
Nine years I spent within the greatest town
The earth has reared, that British Babylon,
Which, as the heart the body vivifies,

Whole continents with liberty supplies,
And of the learned counts a brilliant throng
Who teach the wisdom taught in every tongue.
Encouraged thus I many tomes have read
What ancient thinkers and the modern said,
And in their works I cull'd some precious gems,
Some truths, much doubt, dissensions, theorems;
Each striving more than all the rest to show,
The one to laud, the others to overthrow,
So pass'd my schooldays and I am adult,
Doubt, gloom, and pain being my work's result.
What though a Buddha and Socrates lived,
A Plato taught, a Moses all believed,
Still darkness, vice claim here unquestioned rank,
Still all the universe presents a blank
With something in it awful, dark, and deep
As our dark fate, our life's eternal sleep !
And when my mother, who for me did yearn,
I saw expire, after my return,
Then paled the sun, and, seized with mad despair,
I sank, I wept, and long'd to follow her.
For weeks and moons my tears did hotly roll
And, like Confucius, none could me console.
At last a goddess came to take her place,
I met her blushing, and I loved that face
Beaming with chastity's resistless grace.
I loving felt in me the vital flame
Disperse the gloom, my soul to life reclaim.
But these bright moments, of my days the best
Are gone forever, alas ! you know the rest !
Without my Sol I would nor live nor strive,
If she must fall, I scarce can her survive !
One being yet doth chain me to this earth;
My love he claims, to whom I owe my birth."

"Be calm, my friends!" Serfaty entering said,
 "I bear some tidings, but they seem not bad.
 Straightway we must before the Shereef stand
 To learn his pleasure or his high command;
 I guess the message and our mission's end.
 It Sol concerns, and us it shall behoove
 To work on her Mohammed's creed to love."
 "Not bad!" Jedidiah cried. "If so it be
 It might amount to a calamity
 For us constrained the maiden to convince,
 Betray Jehovah or displease the prince;
 The Lord protect me in my broken age!"
 "Fear not, oh friends!" did interrupt the sage
 Elias ready with his friends to go.
 "The girl will not persuaded be, I know.
 If none objects I will with you proceed,
 And am prepared for you the word to lead,
 The Sultan's orders strictly to obey,
 Yet nor ourselves nor the Supreme betray.
 The maid knows me, I know the maid too well;
 My presence will all doubt in her dispel
 About our playing a reluctant part."
 But on a sudden by Jedidiah's side
 His daughter stood, all pale and terrified;
 The sleeping babe she on a pillow laid,
 And to her father this she weeping said:

"Behold your babe, behold me here alone,
 Thy sons, my brothers, far away are gone,
 And thou wilt face the Moslems fierce and grim,
 With morbid limbs, and eyes with age so dim!
 They will, perchance, thy silver locks again,

As once thy head, with gore and dirt distain!
Oh never go, and leave me in despair,
But let thy daughter all thy dangers share.
Disguis'd as youth I follow thee to court,
Thy shattered frame requires some support;
Thou canst not run, thou scarce canst walk alone,
Some hole, some pebble, might prove thy tumbling-
stone,

While I at home, oppress'd by dread suspense,
Might find my sorrow stronger than my sense."
Ben Zion moved within his inmost soul,
The loving daughter tries thus to console:

XII.

"Allay thy fears, it shall my pleasure be
To bear thy parent helping company,
And as my sire I should sure defend
At cost of life, so on my word depend,
That what a son must for his parents dare,
I for thine shall, I solemnly declare!
What chance to see my bride could else I seize!
No means suffice, it seems, her to release,
And every hour the dreadful shades increase
That hover round her guiltless, lovely head
Consigned by many to the hopeless dead!
If I could choose then I one grave with her
To all this globe's unknown wealth would prefer,
But one afar yet bids me here to bide,
My impulse not, my father's will must guide!"
Impatient now the Sheik leads the way:
"Come on, come on, we must no longer stay,
And let the bridegroom Monsoniego aid,
And with his presence cheer the godly maid.
Fear not a man who like this youth is trained;
For wisdom holds the lower temper chained!"
They left, behind them shut Jedidiah's door,

The messenger, the youth, two rabbis, four
In all, amid a crowd now pass'd the gate,
And left their friends behind disconsolate.
From all the schools the children issued straight,
The temples rung with cries of unstained lips,
Imploring Him, who watching never sleeps,
For Sol and friends whom evil could betide;
The mothers vowed, and likewise for the bride
The bridegroom and the pastors Heaven besought,
And for the temples waxen tapers brought.

XIII.

Thus prayed the infants and the mothers vowed,
While at the court the Hebrews deeply bowed
Before the Shereef in profoundest awe,
And in compliance with Talmudic law
Jedidiah leaning on the youth did say:
"Be blest, our Lord, who of Thy glorious ray
Dost to the mortals give who kingdoms sway!"
The Sultan now the Hebrews sharply scann'd
And thus addressing them, gave his command:

XIV.

"Regard me, Jews, your monarch's face behold,
Once young and smooth, now wrinkled, withered, old;
Since iron walls, a hero's fortitude
Can time's destruction from no man preclude.
Still more than beggars rulers have to sigh,
To please the rabble, and they, too, must die!
But faithful Moslems, when they pass from earth,
Their mortal joys exchange for heavenly mirth;
On floral beds with singing maids repose,
Immortal, sweet, and fragrant as the rose,
Which glowing tolls, perfuming all the skies,
When seraphim disport in Paradise;

Or when the Tooba Tree of Allah showers
 On saintly souls celestial fruit and flowers.
 What life is yours, what hope when death shall come?
 On earth, in heavens the Hebrew hath no home!
 But no, why waste my lungs in useless speech,
 Him teach no words, whom no events can teach.
 Blind Folly laying on weak minds her grasp,
 If not compell'd, will not her grip unclasp;
 And not conviction to enforce I aim,
 But of your fealty I some assurance claim,
 A sacrifice your loyalty to test;
 It is my wish, but hear it as behest.
 A Jewish lass in Tangier born and bred
 Declared her vow the Moslem church to wed
 Before a faithful matron, who as friend,
 To serve the maiden, did her help extend.
 But when the girl before the Pasha spoke
 She did her vow denyingly revoke,
 And thus appeared our sacred faith to mock.
 The *imans* think the case is very grave,
 Conversion only can the Jewess save.
 She being here, it shall your emprise be
 To bend by words her firm persistency.
 At Veaki Bindris' you the maid can see;
 If you succeed your monarch you indebt;
 Be loyal, Jews; that is the task I set!"
 Serfaty bowed, his hand upon his breast,
 And thus received the emperor's behest:

XV.

"Sheriffian Majesty, exalted high
 By Him who rules the star-adorned sky,
 The empire's law is to the Hebrew law!
 We bow our heads in reverential awe
 Before our Sultan's unresisted will,

And what he bids we hasten to fulfill.
We pressingly the maiden will advise
Her mind to change; but will our word suffice?
She might persist, and we the victims be
Of her resolve, her firm persistency.
Perhaps, determined danger to defy,
She is resolved for her belief to die.
Thus may Thy Grace a witness delegate
Our honest zeal impartially to rate,
Confirm our efforts bloodshed to prevent
Till all persuasion, all attempts are spent."

XVI.

A gracious nodding on the Shereef's part
Impels the Israelites to bow and start
For Bindris' house on *Vad-el-Jubar's* bank,
A mansion high, as he is high in rank.
But now arriving at his bolted gate
The Hebrews stand and for admission wait.
This moment seizing old Jedidiah groans
And this he speaks in melancholy tones:
"How shall we, friends, a soul to ours akin
Deliver thus to idolatry and sin?
How frame a speech appearing false to her
And true, sincere to the minister,
Who, I am sure, will, watching us, be there?
Such art of speech doth not to me belong,
Who nervous am and impotent of tongue.
Though judge I can, expound the Law divine,
This task, Serfaty, I to thee resign,
Or to our wiser friend from Palestine."

XVII.

No sooner ended he than in the door
Which open sprung, there stood a colored Moor,

Beckoning them the threshold straight to pass
Into a fore-yard full of shade and grass.
Then through a vault beneath the house they trod,
And reach'd the park of the moresque abode,
A seat of ease aroma did increase,
Of spicy herbs, of citron, olive-trees,
Which blooming swell'd the cool, delicious breeze.
Amid a maze of plants and ivy nets
The muttering and limpid rivulets,
Like serpents winding through a flowery mead,
Did glitter, flitter, roam and foam, and speed,
And shone like silver veins within the shades,
The falls like crystal leaping in cascades.
The leafy roof, the myrtle, palm, the springs,
The floral shows, the streamlets' murmurings,
The singing birds, the scoffing parrot's scream,
The fruit which like Hesperian fruit did gleam,
That park did change into a seat of dream.

XVIII.

On tortuous pathways through the garden's maze
The Hebrews onward march'd with searching gaze,
The alleys penetrating all around,
Until they spied a lady on the ground.
In rich attire anigh a fount alone
Sol dreaming, drowsy, sat upon a stone.
Her eunuchs to this quarter early brought,
Wherefore? the maiden reasons vainly sought;
Uneasiness her soul did agitate,
And hours she spent in this deserted state,
To fearful doubts delivered, chain'd, though free,
In all the torments of uncertainty.
On that delectable, sequestered spot
She of her lover and her parents thought;
An irresistible longing seized her heart,

She muttered sadly: "Yet, we must—we part!"
The bracing cool, the aromatic air
At last nepenthes wafted to the fair,
Who, slumbering and dreaming, her distress
Did bury in oblivious drowsiness.
She of her lover dreamed—but there he stood!
Was he a demon sent her to delude,
Or turn her brains in shady solitude?
No, he was it, Ben Zion, who stood there;
Beside him gazed the friendly messenger,
And other two with grave inposing sight,
Each one a venerable Israelite.
Oh joy, oh pain, can ye two wedded rest
A moment peaceful in the sighing breast?
No, never can you the same bosom reign,
Never, never, will overwhelming pain
Allow sweet joy to dwell in her domain!
Oh blush not, smile not, Sol, thy friends did come
But to confirm thy dark, impending doom!
For just there Bindris suddenly appeared,
Whom more than Satan all the Hebrews feared;
Apart he sate, a slave his face did fan,
While thus the Sheik his discourse began:

XIX.

"We lead the Hebrews of this famous place
Protected, ruled by His Sheriffian Grace
The emperor—the Lord prolong his reign,
And let this country's enemies be slain!—
We come to tell thee, that a monarch's will
His loyal subjects must in all fulfill;
And know, oh Sol, that our injunctions grave
The duty urge on man his life to save
At any cost, religion not exempt;
For sin means yielding to such things as tempt.

Our sages who the sacred Law enforce,
In hours of peril teach another course;
There is no rite so sacred to the Jew
As human life endangered to rescue,
And thine, we know, is forfeited if thou
Before the royal mandate wilt not bow.
The sovereign's will obey, to whose decree
All tribes submit, a land bows readily.
Wilt thou alone the Sultan's wrath defy
And with thy gore the hangman's weapon dye?
So young, so fair, and yet so obstinate!
Thou dardest confront inexorable fate,
In lieu of pleasing and at once be free,
In lieu of yielding to necessity.
Neither thy parents nor thy race will blame
A step not branded with the mark of shame.
A case it is that leaves no other choice
Save certain death, or undisturbed joys!"
Serfaty thus did feign Sol to deter,
Who now did listen to the messenger:

xx.

"Persist not longer in thy firm resolve,
And by submission this hard problem solve;
Obey the monarch of this mighty state,
Submit, submit before it is too late!
But few are they who in the times gone-by
Triumphantly did for conviction die;
Still fewer they who at an age like thine
Did carry out the martyr's great design!
Before into a gulf a man doth leap
He should consider how profound the deep.
When God His angel to the mortal sends,
His mowing angel, then, at all events,
With nature slack'ning in our vital veins,

With reason ebbing in our shrinking brains,
We tired, weary of our painful toil,
Lay down, returning to our native soil.
But in the morn of life when all is fire,
The hope, the hate, the vengeance, the desire,
When all the senses claim their innate right,
The world doth smile, and everything is bright,
When in the breast the tender passions burn,
Who would thus foolishly to dust return ?
Who would not rather with the living breathe
Than dying grasp for the immortal's wreath !
Thus re-consider thy important act,
By Heaven pardoned and thy grateful sect."
Approving Bindris shakes his turban'd head
As if to say : "I like, Jews, what you said."
But Sol aware of what her brethren mean
Her prompt reply doth coolly thus begin :

XXI.

"Your learning and your age I do revere,
But am reluctant that my open ear
Such things from lights in Israel must hear.
Can men ordained to be select divines,
The priests of truth, the bulwarks of our shrines,
Thus tamper light'y with the holiest thing,
And not disgrace upon their calling bring ?
The shepherd flying from the lion's roar,
From wolves and tigers which his lambs devour,
Without attempt the bloody beast to scare,
Doth he deserve the shepherd's name to bear ?
Yet worse is he who at the monster's sight
Confounded, trembling in his mad affright,
Doth wildly cry, appall the flock and quiver,
Confuse the sheep, and them to death deliver !
I in my girlhood often read and heard

That ministers with shepherds are compared;
And, judging from your unconvincing speech,
You teach not, rabbis, what you ought to teach.
If not to help me you are hither sent
Why rouse in me undue discouragement?
My parents taught me them to honor who
Our congregations lead. With reverence due
I always to our teachers look'd for light;
But is black white, because they call it white?
By training, sentiment, by faith and birth
I nothing am, or what I am on earth.
I should submit to what the Sultan wills
And not to him, who all the heavens fills!
And what is life preserved for others' pleasure
But something precious in a robber's treasure?
Nor will I waive my faith for joy or gold,
Nor for the rank despised apostates hold.
For honor, truth our sires lived and died
I death defy as they have death defied!"
Thus gladly baffled homeward paced the friends,
Whom, re-assuring, Veaki Bindris sends
Away; them Sol dejected sees depart,
Despair and gloom possess her mind and heart.
Not less Ben Zion's bosom aches and bleeds,
While scheming Bindris to the court proceeds.

Terpsichore

Terpsichore.

I.

Enormous grows the crowd who watching wait
Their chiefs' return before the Mellah's gate,
And as the pastors just appear to sight
They hail their coming with intense delight.
"Our children pray'd to Him who gladly hears
The guiltless voice, and loves the infant's tears!"
The mothers cry, and hug with fond embrace
The innocents who sang the sacred lays;
And from the gate until Jedidiah's home
One cry is heard: "They come, thank God, they come!"
But as excursionists in happy mood,
Disporting cheerfully through glen and wood,
Abate their mirth at seeing clouds on high
Obscuring rapidly the beryl sky,
So, like a charm, the bridegroom's downcast look
Works on the multitude as mild rebuke,
While Serfaty, the Shëik, gently all
Invites their demonstrations to control:
"Give not this day, dear friends, in such degree
To unsound joy, undue hilarity;
Not ours the triumph is when all is gloom,
When we inactive must confirm her doom,
And help our foes their selfish ends to gain,
Instead of helping Sol her faith sustain.
Ye hunt for news, here have it all and go,

Of all our woes it is the newest woe.
 Sol as a Jewess hath no chance to live,
 She is constrain'd her life or faith to give,
 And fully trusting the supreme Benign
 She will her head but not her creed resign.
 We naught can do for her but fast and pray,
 Thus let to-morrow be our fasting day—
 A day like that on which the Holy Land
 And Zion fell through Titus' cruel hand."

II.

Meantime old Bindris doth his master reach
 And of the maiden speak in glowing speech:
 "In Salee, Tafilet, Rabatt, and Fez,
 In Mogadore, Larache, and Mekinez—
 In all the cities which the Prophet bless,
 There bloom sweet flowers of virgin loveliness,
 Maidens resembling *Peris* full of bliss,
 Too soft, too heavenly for a world like this;
 Yet not this land, I dare maintain, a face
 Can show of such exuberance of grace
 As that unmatched maid's, in mien and eye
 An erring seraph fallen from the sky.
 Her magic look a serpent must enchant,
 So powerful and yet so innocent!
 Even beauty tires if the outward shell
 Is not enhanced by the resistless spell
 Of tuneful suasion fraught with wit and sense,
 Of triumphs won by sound intelligence.
 I know of girls who the *Hamasa* read,
 Who know to quote what great *Shanfarah* said,
 And yet their speech is heavier than lead.
 Not so the Jewess, wing'd with lightning's flash
 An opponent in cool debate to crush,
 Without an effort on her part to shine,

As if belonging to some brilliant line.
The urging priests she point by point did meet
With reason's weight their reasons to defeat.
Her voice is music, sound is every term,
Her will is strong, her faith as iron firm.
To be a martyr that is what she yearns,
She life disdains and for such glory burns.
Nor threats, nor tortures would her nature bend;
She mocks temptation, and I baffled stand
To learn, oh Sultan, thy supreme command.
What shall be done with that aberrant soul
Beyond conviction's reach, beyond control?"

III.

"We have no choice in this distasteful case,
No right in favor of the lass to raise
Our voice, when 'gainst her tends our sacred lore,
Against her Allah whom we all adore !
The evidence which comes from faithful source
Doth indicate our unavoidable course
Imposed on us by Islam's code and rite;
We owe full credence to the Islamite.
If we deceived thus guiltless blood do shed,
The crime rebounds on her accuser's head
On whose assertion we our judgment base.
Our great Divan shall weigh and try the case;
If we attempting fail in all our ways
And means the maid's resolve to modify,
Then she may have her will, then let her die.
We know the stiff-neck'd Jew who for a throne
Would not desert his jealous, great, his only One;
And those of them converted to our creed
Are either false or idiots indeed.
Let any of our princes love and rank
The Jewess offer, she will him not thank,

But as a tempter treat him with a smile
And say, perhaps, "No prince, I am not vile,"
Let Salem try his craft of winning maids;
Will she resist if her my boy invades?
What saith my son? Hath he the pluck to vie
In wit with her, confront her witchery?"
With inward pleasure thus the Sultan moved
His youngest heir, his dearest, most beloved,
Who, all attention, the discussion heard
And thus his sympathy with Sol declared:

IV.

"Had I the power, sire, the girl to judge
I should her life, her liberty not grudge,
Would let her straightway to her home return,
To parents, friends, who for the maiden yearn.
Why was I punish'd when the swallows nest
Within our stables, where the fledgelings rest,
I lately ruin'd with a pointed pole
And saw it sink, birds, feathers, straw and all?
The wise *ulema* red with anger said:
'Behold, kind prince, the fledgelings there are dead,
Yon, broken-hearted, their sad mother weeps,
Who else along the airy regions sweeps
For her dear nurslings to procure the food;
Why didst thou slay her sweet, her helpless brood?
Them Allah made not to be slain by thee,
May He forgive such wanton cruelty!'
I saw the young expiring on the ground,
I heard the mother's wailing, mournful sound,
And felt my heart within me ache and fall,
A deep remorse invade my inmost soul.
Can birds be dearer to just Allah than
The infidels who, like ourselves, are men?
Are not the tears they weep like ours that flow,

The Jewish woes not like the Moslem's woe?
 Nor death, nor torture, would thy Salem make
 His principles, his father's creed forsake.
 The first, the holiest, most tremendous oath
 The Moslem takes is faithlessness to loathe,
 To die for Islam at the cannon's mouth,
 Abhor subjection to the Infidel,
 And base allurements manly to repel!
 In battle we the hostile hero praise,
 Why pierce the heart which feels for creed and race?
 Such are my feelings, sire, oh, forgive,
 And let the maiden as a Jewess live.
 If not self-guided she would faithful turn,
 Let her to Tangier and her house return."
 Astonished at the son the Shereef looks
 And thus impatiently the prince rebukes:

v.

"What know'st thou, boy, of what is right or wrong,
 When using freely thy uncurbed tongue
 Thou likenst man unto a creature blind,
 Devoid of reason, choice, devoid of mind!
 Who counts the millions of the faithful heads,
 Who from the regions where the Niger spreads
 To Asia's east, where Chin her flags unfurls,
 Thence to the Punjab and the isle of pearls,
 Mohammed worship, Allah's name adore,
 In myriad mosques teach the Koran's lore,
 Teach infidels acrimoniously to hate
 Whom, but for power, they would extirpate!
 For bitter rages the intestine fight
 Betwixt the infidel and Islamite.
 No peace, as long as faithless tribes decline
 To seek salvation at the Prophet's Shrine!
 Enough, they desecrate our sacred land

Should we our sanctuaries not defend
Against blasphemers who our power mock,
Their fetich worship, and our feelings shock?
From age to age we sink in self-esteem,
Too weak the fallen greatness to redeem
Our ancestors by feats of valor won,
Whom nations dreaded on Alhambra's throne.
On Sierra's summits waved their banners red,
With foeman's gore they colored Ebro's bed,
In Africa, in Europe they did reign;
What are we now? a shade of their domain!
Supremacy abroad we cannot boast,
The infidels agress and seize our coast,
Long do we bear the Christian's tacit hate,
Should still the Jew wield power in our state,
With Mussulmans the selfsame level claim,
And thus confirm our impotence, our shame?
Thou may'st the Jewess, if thou wilt, aboard
And test the magic of a loving word;
She might a princely offer not decline
To be his first, his favorite concubine.
The next we do, in case she yet persists,
Is to arrange one of our joyous feasts,
Have in our mid that strange unbending maid
And try ourself from death her to dissuade.
So far we go to spare her rather than
Expose her to the rule of our Divan."

VI.

And now on coursers of Arabian breed
The prince and minister at once proceed
From *Lallah Almina's* delectable place,
The airy seat of His Sheriffian Grace
The Emperor, to *Fas-el-djedid*, one
Of the two halves of the imperial town.

Two miles they ride across a wondrous land,
 Where life and death appear their work to blend,
 Where tombs and ruins preach the mortal's end,
 And fill the mind with irrepressible gloom,
 While boundless gardens in exuberant bloom
 With odoriferous gales the air perfume,
 And tuneful birds of plumage rich and gay
 Chase insects, butterflies, as if to say:
 "Here life and death are ever thus at play,"
 In haste they trot along the sinuous lanes
 Of *Fas-el-bali*, across the caravans
 Of camels panting with extended necks,
 Carrying enormous bales upon their backs
 Of what the merchants in Timbuctoo buy
 Of ostrich feathers, gold and ivory.
 And then before Charoubin's portals they
 Arrest their course, alight and Allah pray,
 That He may crown his effort with success,
 Who longs to win the maid by gentleness.
 But when the youth beholds the maid alone,
 He feels his courage, speech, his hope all gone.
 Could *Houris* beaming with celestial glee
 Be fairer, sweeter, lovelier than she
 Whose eye still deeper than the azure seems,
 Whose roseate cheek with blushing purple gleams
 Resembling Iris kiss'd by Helios' beams?
 Though struck with wonder he doth feel the flame
 Of ardent passion coursing through his frame;
 As wondering fawn before him Sol yon stands,
 He mutters, stutters ere he speech commands,
 He speaks at length, his lip doth overbrim
 With honeyed words, for love inspires him:

VII.

"Look not at me, I fear and love that look
 Which speaks like emblems of a magic book,

Conjuring genii who disturbed upstart
And stir abysses in the human heart.
Compassion prompted me to plead for thee,
But now, oh girl, compassion have on me
Who, though thy Sultan's heir, stand begging here
To be thy slave, and thou my dearest dear.
Teach me, unyielding soul, teach me to gain,
To move the love, to conquer thy disdain!
Would Allah helped me thee to convince,
To make thee princess of a loving prince,
As this alone can save thy beauteous head,
Thy life, thy happiness else forfeited!
Wouldst thou not rather my companion be
Than die the death of shame and misery?
Oh live, it is so sweet to see the sky,
To find one's likeness in a lover's eye,
To be of palaces the precious gem,
And wear an empire's queenly diadem!
Or wouldst thou, rather than at court abide,
With me alone a floral bower divide,
An arbor hidden in a cypress grove,
In shady fragrance cherish turtle's love,
As Houris do in Paradise above?
In all, in all thy will shall be the mine
If to my love thou wilt thyself resign!"
The prince perceives the maiden's great surprise,
And hopes that Sol reciprocates his sighs,
But she with heaving bosom thus replies:

VIII.

"Why lavish, noble prince, so much on one
Who naught except her faith may call her own,
And this doth value more than rank and crown?
Must woman ever yield to man's design,
And him to please her holiest, best resign?"

Hath he alone the courage to persist,
To use his sense, his weapon, and his fist?
If he the honor claims, the ruling sway
His partner, woman, something hath to say.
Be his the power, hers are tears and sighs,
She, too, hath rights and for her rights she dies.
Thus thinks the Jewess faithful to her creed,
Like man she reasons, and for truth can bleed.
Should I, who do the wiles of treason loathe,
Forget my people's irreversible oath,
That binds the Hebrew with his wealth and soul
To strive for virtue here—his highest goal?
Should I a traitress help her triumphs earn,
Against my race, myself a traitress turn?
Two golden rules our sages do suggest,
Of all the rules these two I deem the best,
Since they comprise the essence of the rest.
Be not too hasty others' ways to hate,
Ere thine are better, being in their state;
And think, ere others thou wouldst harshly treat,
How thou wouldst feel if they would thee so meet.
But what are maxims to the Moslem's mind
Whom vain conceit and selfish purpose blind!
If one for truth expiring is not he,
Then death for truth he deems ignominy.
Expect not me to conquer, noble prince,
Whose love and reason cannot Sol convince.
I rue my own, I rue my people's wrongs,
My faith is firm, my heart to one belongs
Who is no prince, but is of nature's sons,
Of nature's favorites whom wisdom crowns.
Yet him and parents I must leave and die,
For truth and faith I long to sanctify!"

IX.

The prince withdraws, at court they move and run
 As on the *Beiram* feast of *Ramazan*;
 Among the slaves, behind the harem's veil
 Unusual life and sprightliness prevail,
 And the adornments in the hall of state
 The coming soiree do indicate,
 An eve of singing, dancing, pantomime
 Of *zels* and *cymbals* in harmonious chime.
 Now as the sun in all his glory sets
 The pious call from all the minarets
 Reminds the faithful of the ending day,
 Who at their mosques congregate and pray.
 But, though no Muezzin them calls aloud
 The Hebrews earlier still their temples crowd,
 Jehovah's unity with awe proclaim,
 And all His attributes with fervor name.
 While thus they pray the crimsoned west doth pale,
 The night descends, and now a gentle gale
 Diffuses freshness through the murky air,
 When Sol constrained, attired doth repair
 To *Lallah Almina's* palacious halls
 Beyond the city's all-enclosing walls.

X.

The harem's preparations are complete
 And now from this voluptuous retreat
 The *darus scadet aga* leads a throng
 Of *kadins* queenly in their look along
 The spacious corridors and cool arcades;
 Sweet figures light and soft as fairy maids.
 The central hall of gorgeous brilliancy
 Of stucco-work and finest filigree,
 Where easy seats beneath grand chandeliers

Pavilioned stand for all the harem's fairs,
 Where lilies, roses, hyacinths are spread,
 At last the beauteous charmers nimbly tread,
 And here unveil in rich, Oriental dress
 Exquisite types of female loveliness.
 But few of them call Barbary their home,
 For many beauties from those regions come
 Where grows the Banyan and the Mongo-tree,
 The Ganges, Tigris, Nile, the Caspian Sea
 Display their waves of crystal brilliancy.
 In fact, it seems there is no Moslem clan
 From Trebizond to Yemen, Kordofan,
 That would not gladly in the honor share
 Of sending some adorable, pious fair
 Athwart the desert lands, athwart the sea
 To bear the Shereef loving company.
 As seem the stars each brighter than the rest,
 So every sylph appears the loveliest
 Of all who enter and surprise betray
 At seeing one yet lovelier than they.
 Yon stands the Jewess in her deep distress
 Transcending still in charming gentleness.
 But nor the luxury of the lustrous halls,
 The alabaster basins and the falls
 Which gushing bubble from enameled walls,
 Nor gold nor gems which concubines adorn,
 Abates in Sol her undiminished scorn.
 Before they came the maiden, left alone,
 Against a pillar leaned of marble stone;
 The rich abode she measured with a glance,
 Then mute and thoughtful, as one in a trance,
 She stood in sorrows, fears, and visions lost,
 Until disturbed by that enchanting host,
 Who, whispering, came from the retreat of lust;
 Sol eyed the *kur-lins* with profound disgust.

A while no lip of the astonished host
Did ope the maiden friendly to accost;
Then from their midst a beauty slim and tall
In kindly accents spoke to gentle Sol:

XI.

“I do not dare thy confidence to claim
Before I state my parentage, my name,
Describe to thee my venturous career,
How I did win and lose what most is dear
To every woman’s heart upon this earth
Since self-exiled I fled my sire’s hearth.
In Seville born, a child of rank and wealth,
I loved a humble youth; I loved by stealth;
And could this realm I for one minute buy
Of those I spent in Pedro’s company
That minute, friend, I surely would deny,
So sweet are seconds in a lover’s arms,
So strong is love, the mightiest of charms!
The days I hated, longing for the eves,
When in our garden mid the lisping leaves
And breathing flowers moved by a spicy gale,
Mid tuneful torrents of the nightingale,
We, hidden from any parents’ watchful eye,
Our vows repeated with an inmost sigh
To live united or united die.
For weeks and months we thus our love indulged
Until we thought our secret was divulged,
And knowing well my dearest could not wed
A girl of rank, I fled with him—we fled.
Begging permission early to retire,
I kiss’d my mother, kissed my loving sire,
But through a window reach’d our garden’s end
And thence, assisted by brave Pedro’s hand,
I left the city never to return,

Impell'd by fate implacable and stern!
Pursued, denounced, we could in Spain not stay,
And thus at night we to the nearest bay
On foot advanced; we had no time to waste;
The seashore we approach'd in burning haste,
Secured a barge, provisions for a week,
And straight embark'd a peaceful nest to seek
Among some countrymen on Afric's strand,
On Moorish soil adjacent to our land;
For more than waves and tempest did I fear
My sire's wrath to see, his voice to hear;
And stronger than all fears sweet love prevailed,
And so propell'd by adverse winds we sailed.
We sailed, we sailed, the gales controlled our skiff
And dashing hurled us against yon Riff
Coast where inhospitable pirates wait
For shipwreck'd infidels, whose common fate
Is either death if they resistance try,
And if they yield, they yield to slavery.
This was our fate; for driven by the waves
To that grim tribe, we both were sold as slaves,
I to a pasha and was hither sent,
My lover elsewhere with a chieftain went,
And so we parted with our bosoms rent.
In vain for death I then besought the skies,
Death seldom comes to one who fainly dies;
Fate still one trial had for me in store,
I should my parents' Lord not worship more,
Or never could I pass this harem's door,
Never the chain rend which the dear enslaved,
Whom I adored, who perils with me braved!
Let this event thy sense instruct, oh friend;
Avert thy ruin, learn in time to bend;
Obey the Sultan and secure his love,
Which may thy people's trying lot improve!"

Sol made no answer, given to surprise
 At seeing now two heavy curtains rise
 And show a scene of things so rare and strange
 That but genii could such scenes arrange.
 A maze of marvels met her stounding eye,
 A faint reflection of Mohammed's sky;
 The singing Houris who the faithful greet
 And let them pleasures taste divinely sweet;
 The shining lake of which a draught is life
 Eternal to the souls, who from their strife
 Below triumphantly to Allah rise;
 The crystal bells that chime in Paradise,
 And all delights which Moslem longing sway,
 Were here arrayed in picturesque display.
 Deep in the rear upon a lofty throne
 A hoary figure sat, on head a crown;
 He wore a mighty beard of snowy white,
 Enhancing thus the wondrous, mystic sight,
 While female voices with sonorous tunes,
 And lutes and *zels* did fill the vast saloons.
 Down paced the figure with an air serene
 And strode majestically through the scene,
 Mid lovely witches who a passage lined
 And stood with rosy cheeks and heads inclined;
 For he who strode was the anointed one,
 Great Abderrahman of Morocco's throne.
 He onward strode and halted just before
 Two veils which parted and revealed a door
 To an adjoining, unenlightened room,
 Where but one taper broke the quiet gloom.
 Here staid the Shereef, hither Sol was led
 In all the tinsel of a *kadin* clad.
 Two beauteous slaves the monarch's face did fan,
 While condescendingly he thus began:

XIII.

"Be welcome, daughter, to our holy court,
 Our seat of joy, which Allah may support!
 Be this thy home and float not thus adrift
 Nor scorn the chance that may to rank thee lift;
 Why thus reject the hour's propitious gift?
 The sovereign bows before the stern decree
 Of accident and rough necessity,
 And vain is wealth, vain blood the armies spill
 In blind resistance to just Allah's will;
 But subjects dare their monarch's rule defy,
 Dare to revolt, revolt to justify!
 We know to value thy unbending sense,
 Persistence is the Jew's inheritance,
 Whom sentiments, not real facts do lead
 When he is clinging to a dying creed.
 We can thee raise, oh maiden, on a throne,
 Upon thy temples we can place a crown,
 But if the Islam thou wilt thus disdain,
 To save thy life our efforts would be vain;
 We cannot pardon whom our faith doth doom;
 Thou canst disperse thy night's impending gloom,
 Canst break thy chain, thy prison's darkness rend;
 There is no power here, no mighty hand,
 Except thy own, that can thy life defend!"
 Thus ends the Shereef and the maiden sighs;
 He is attentive when she thus replies:

XIV.

"If Heaven my prayer at this hour would grant
 I would entreat to show my sentiment
 To thee, my lord, whose mild compassion would
 Be moved for me, for martyr'd womanhood.
 The golden rule our ancient sages teach
 Is to avoid unmeasured, dooming speech

Against the erring whom we should not blame
Till, in their place, we save ourselves from shame.
I do thy rule, oh Sultan, not defy,
But owe allegiance to the ruling sky
For whom my sires swore to live and die.
Wouldst thou a son condemn who strives his great,
His glorious ancestors to emulate?
If thou couldst Granada re-conquer now,
Couldst Spain compel before thy throne to bow,
Conjure again the golden age of yore;
Wouldst thou not wage a bloody, bitter war,
Not risk thy army, risk thy precious life,
Not for thy fathers' conquest bravely strife?
Now, ere Granada and Alhambra fell,
The Christian ruler vowed all to expel
From town and land, all who did not adore
His painted gods, whom thus to please he swore,
And, flush'd with conquest, spared nor Jew nor Moor.
In vain for mercy myriads did appeal;
They had to go who would like him not kneel;
And they who feigned submission to the state
Met soon a dark excruciating fate;
For Torquemada, monster of his age,
By fire and blood appeased his frantic rage!
Uncounted victims of my noble sires
Jehovah b'lessed, while dying in slow fires;
And thousands hoping that the Moor would treat
With mildness those who shared in his defeat,
A refuge sought on vast Morocco's sod
And lived devoted to their only God.
From these unfortunates descends my sire
Who for his faith prepared is to expire,
And him to equal is my sole desire.
I count on mercy not, on justice scarce,
Nor shall my unstained lip the traitress curse,

Whose infamy no words can qualify;
But reconciled with all the world I die.
Yet one request thy Majesty may grant;
Oh, may no painful days, as those I spent
In dungeons dark and damp, the *cadis* add
Before I face the threshold of the dead !
Oh, let to-morrow from the earth me part,
To-morrow ease my bleeding, weeping heart;
To-morrow let the hangman for me care;
I can my own, my parents woes not bear !”

XV.

The Sultan rose and this he gravely said
To the heroic death-confronting maid:
“If speed of judgment all is what thou hast
To ask of us as ultimate request,
We grant it straight; and, ere the coming day
That cheers this land will set and pass away,
Our wise Divan, over which we will preside,
Shall meet, consider, and thy case decide.
Thou throw'st away, oh maiden, what no king
Can well bestow; life is a precious thing
To one who blest is with an open eye
To read events ordain'd within the sky !”



Helpomene

Oelpomene.

I.

Now rose the sun in all his glories wrapt
And woke old Fez till dawn in silence kept
By balmy sleep kind nature grants to all,
Save those who love, and those who wicked fall.
The smile of peace from heavens gleamed adown
To greet the myriads of the rising town
Still cool and musky with the gentle breeze
Of healthy fragrance blooming groves release.
Yea, peace and health did reign and carols sweet,
For lark and thrush with trills the light did greet,
And all the wing'd musicians shared the song,
Or chirping built their nests, or swept along
The airy gulfs, delighted to behold
The fiery orb, the ray of burning gold.
But peace and mirth can scarce one morrow rest
Unruffled, healing in the mortal's breast,
Where thronging passions ceaselessly contest
Each other's sway, and vengeance doth maintain
Ov'r all the passions her supreme domain.
Yet not Ben Zion's was a raging ire,
A soul of whelming wrath and wreakful fire;
But though his burning wrongs he did resent,
On bloody vengeance he was never bent;
For in his Sol's outrageous, vile disgrace,

In all the crimes his people had to face,
He saw the shame and woe of all the race;
He questioned thus the Author of all things,
Who on frail man intense affliction brings.

II.

“What were, oh Power, who the stars commands,
What were that time Thy dark mysterious ends,
When darkness Thou didst on this planet break
And man a secret to himself didst make?
Why didst thou him with mind and thought endow,
With heavenly reason and with instincts low?
Nor god nor beast of both the form he wears,
To rank himself among the gods he dares,
His fancied gods who rule his universe !
And since a demi-god he claims to be
He holds the sea and land as monarchy.
Still ev’n a world as Eden rich and full
Of which he claims, of which he holds the rule,
Doth not suffice to lift him far above
The savage beast devoid of generous love.
How jealous he of all his fancied rights;
How proud when he for independence fights,
With gory brand the vile aggressor braves
To be in turn a terror to such slaves
As cling to life with all the woes of Job,
Abhorring death, the scarecrow of the mob.
From such afflictions as the slave oppress,
From tyrant’s whip, the Moor’s outrageousness,
The grave seems peace, and death should thus suffice
To teach blind man the mercy of the skies !
The mercy, ah, what mercy is it not
With loathful reptiles in the dust to rot,
Supply the warm with soft, delicious food
Of god-like man, angelic womanhood !

Speak, brazen heavens, be not forever dumb,
Your vault is dreadful, like a marble tomb,
Which countless millions of the writhing race
Holds dead or dying in its cold embrace!
Say, what is sentiment, what reason for
If, having both, we crawl for evermore
In darkest error, seeking in vain our way!
Like bat which, blinded by the glare of day,
Abhors the sun whom all the creatures bless
And thirsts for twilight, longs for dreariness;
So man in dimness of a credulous mind
Alone can rest and sweet contentment find.
But since my dearest finds repose in thee,
I bless thee thrice, divine Credulity!"

III.

But thou, oh Sol, not born to subtilize,
For gentler work didst from thy slumbers rise,
From dreams and visions of sweet Paradise.
Oh Faith, thou art of all supernal gifts
The one which soothing loyal souls uplifts!
The weak by thee inspired knows no fear,
For death and danger hurtless do appear
To souls imbued with never-ebbing trust,
With fondest hopes in the beyond to last!
Such was the faith of the heroic maid
Who praying thus her lofty mind betray'd:
"Again, Omnipotent, I speak to Thee
Who rollst that globe athwart infinity,
That fiery sphere of such refulgent beam
To brighten orbs dependent on his gleam!
His light it is which man to earth doth wed
With chains of steel, and renders death a dread
To him, too blind, alas! to see afar
More blissful worlds than this, beyond that star!

My heart is grateful for this choicest fate
My people's faith by death to consecrate,
Seal with my blood the truth my sires spread,
Who shine forever among the glorious dead!
And Thou, who didst my envious fate ordain,
Oh help poor Sol her trial to sustain,
That I, who long Thine sacrifice to be,
May die with peace, depart with dignity!"

IV.

Meanwhile uneasiness did overcome
The elders waiting at the Sheik's home
For that behest the Shereef would convey
At any moment of the cheerless day.
Since word was early sent from highest source
That Moslem justice taking was her course,
That all the Hebrew worthies should be nigh
With given orders promptly to comply.
Twelve thousand souls were fasting on that day
And all combined for godly Sol did pray,
Though all regarded her's a hopeless case,
If she declined the Islam to embrace;
Yet gracious Heaven could disperse the gloom,
And save her from the throes of martyrdom.
"Yea, He who spared the infant on the flood,
To punish Egypt for the Hebrew's blood;
Who bid the surges freeze and melt again
Our people's faith and freedom to sustain,
He can," Jedidiah Monsoniego said,
"He can yet save the god-inspired maid!
And if by wonders he doth her not save
And lets descend her to the rayless grave,
She goes but thither where we all must go,
When fully satiate with our earthly woe;
And happy she who early thus eludes

Temptation's snares, this life's vicissitudes!"
Thus preaching, speaking to his pious friends
The hoary sage the early forenoon spends,
While now and then his gaze roams to the door
Expectant of the order waited for.
His colleagues listen with a heavy sense
Wearied by the impatience of suspense.
But now Ben Zion, who has left the room,
In haste appears, to learn the martyr's doom.
Behind him close a Moslem figure stands,
A roll of paper bearing in his hands.
Some soldiers now emerge, who guard the door,
And thus, his message reading, quoth the Moor:

v.

"Hear, Jews, the judgment of the great Divan,
The verdict founded on true Alcoran.
Sol Hachuel, a Jewess, broke her vow
To worship Allah as she worships now
The God who deaf is to her bleating cry,
Who grants no peace on earth, nor bliss in sky.
Could youthful rashness or a sovereign's grace
Such heinous blasphemy, such guilt efface?
But expiating death, and death alone,
For such enormous trespass can atone!
The Jewess—thus the wisest *imans* say—
The Jewess must beheaded sink to-day.
And, following our sacred Law's command,
She hath a right, before she meets her end,
Before by hangman's hand her gore is spilled,
To have a wish, and know her wish fulfilled;
Whereon, when asked to utter her desire,
She long'd to die in Jewish death-attire,
Be dress'd and buried by her brethren's side,
And hear the rabbis pray before she died.

She hath all granted by the Sultan's will,
And you are charg'd her wishes to fulfill.
Six hours you have, in time you must be there,
And as she wills, must minister to her!"

VI.

With drooped head Sol's fate the rabbis hear,
From many eyes descends the sparkling tear,
And, as the Moor imperilously withdraws,
There is an outburst of suppressed woes;
For every bosom feels for her not less
Than parents feel for children in distress.
The lingering hope that Sol would yet elude
The martyr's racks makes room for certitude,
That otherwise Almighty hath decreed,
Who faithful Israel choose for truth to bleed.
But, while the rabbis and the elders cry,
No tear relieves the staring bridegroom's eye,
Whose inward grief and agonies of mind
Are more intense than all the pains combin'd.
He stares awile, there glimmer in his stare
The spark of wrath, the madness of despair.

VII.

"Such are thy dealings, monarch of this earth,
Thy soul's delight, that flame of heavenly birth!
And such thy love," Ben Zion, sneering, says:
"Thy monkey love, which hugging grimly slays!
Oh what is more flagitious, fraught with shame,
Than stabbing innocence in Heaven's name,
And yet with gods celestial kinship claim!
Truly the Moslem's faith and Christian's love
Are droll enough a Satan's mirth to move.
But then, our doctors, our divines exclaim:
'Have patience, soul, in racks there is no shame!'

‘When on thy marrow Villainy doth feast,
Have patience, patience,’ sings the moralist.
Patience, when drowsy pedants gag thy youth
And teach thee nonsense as supernal truth;
Patience, when bleeding under tyrant’s lash
Thou writhing seest the kindred of thy flesh;
When gaunt starvation stares thee in the eye,
When truth must yield to arrogance and lie,
When crimes are heap’d upon thy guiltless head,
And wrongs and outrage drive thy senses mad;
Nay, when all the mortal woes thyself assail,
Then, god-like creature, patience must not fail !
This urges man above his gods to rise,
Adopt a virtue they themselves despise,
Who shake the heavens in their vengeful ire
And hurl on foes their thunderbolts of fire !
Why should man better than his Maker be
And scorn the sense of sound consistency?
No, patience, thou art but a priestly birth,
Unknown in heavens, never met on earth,
Except as outcrop of a mind’s disease;
And where thou art, thou art but cowardice,
The grave of manliness no passive rest,
No patience doth, but hardy action test !
And if I cannot with a single brand
Avenge my wrongs on all a hateful land,
No shafts of steel and iron balls alone
Have wrought destruction for a tyrant’s throne;
The word hath done what weapons never can,
The cursing cry hath proved a dreadful ban.
Thus hear me, Power of the universe,
With favor hear me, when this race I curse!
Let never freedom from their shackles free
These cursed tribes of hideous infamy,
Of pleasures vile which youth and age deprave,

Of hatred they on infant's brow engrave!
May ever Moor be viler than the brute;
May treason, murder ever constitute
The main distinction of his cursed creed;
May through his tyrants he forever bleed,
A slave of slaves in deep abjectness bred,
By lying priests with superstition fed;
May never light him from his sleep arouse,
But gloom and hate possess his heart and house!"

VIII.

"Enough, oh friends, the precious minutes fleet,
Come let us straight the saintly maiden meet;
Our women shall her death-attire sew,
Her white attire, according to our Law,
And wash her clean, and dress her for the bier;
We have no time, no moment to respire.
Thou, dearest friend, abstain from being nigh
Thine godly bride; oh, let her calmly die!"
The Sheik spoke, and this Hazan's reply:
"Hold, man, Ben Zion knows himself, his Sol;
We can our woes, our ardent love control!
Of all our trials we sustain the weight,
My girl can bear the fierceness of her fate,
And bear it lighter when her love she sees
Before she leaves this vale of miseries!"
The Hebrews go, the pious matrons come
With staff and needles to the Sheik's home.
They stitch, they weep, and, ere an hour doth glide,
The garb is made for the angelic bride.

IX.

Empyrean power, thou who on thy wings
The poet's soul dost carry to the springs
Whence light and hope and consolation flow

To mitigate the mortal's ceaseless woe;
Thou, Muse, whose eyes the buried motives see,
Unveil the mind's remotest secrecy,
Say, what infernal fiend did craze the brain
Of him who ruled Morocco's vast domain,
When he that black behest the hangman sent,
Which all a mob's unfeeling bosom rent!
None but that raving zeal of creed, which crimes
And havoc spreads since immemorial times,
Could in a heart arouse so black a scheme
That even cannibals would cruel deem

x.

Already mass'd around the *Mellah's* gate
The Moslem dames the tragic scene await;
The roofs are crowded, every space they claim
From which the eye can view the scaffold's frame;
They wait for hours, at last impatient grow,
Eager at once to see the fateful show.
So did in pagan Rome the heartless crowd
The gladiator's agonies applaud;
So Spain delights to see blind horses torn
And disemboweled sink by her toros' horn.
Below the turban'd rabble onward press
Laugh, chatter, mock, and their contempt express
Of Sol, of whom the faithful crier said,
She was the most unsightly Jewish maid.
At length a yelling noise and then a drum
Tell Jew and Moslem that Sol's hour is come.
And lo! a multitude of slaves in black,
Each mounted backward on a donkey's back,
And waving in his hand a shabby flag
Made of a crooked stick and dirty rag,
Emerge just mocking from a narrow lane,
And pave the way for the approaching train.

Behind them, hooting, come a swarm of hags
 All sounding broken bugles, clad in rags
 And wearing masks so farcical and droll
 That all the mob convulsed with laughter roll.
 So sent inquisitors to death and flame
 Their martyr'd victims with the brand of shame,
 With horrid pictures hoisted on black poles
 To dim the nimbus of heroic souls
 And now the Hebrews, dignified, appear;
 Their look doth wear the marks of pain and fear;
 And hinder follows, by some warriors led,
 A fearful shape wrapt like the Jewish dead;
 The crowd is silent, fill'd with awful dread.
 It is the martyr with her headsman near;
 Her eye reposes on her lover dear,
 And beams but peace and love; Sol knows no fear.
 Her lip is mute, but much the eye can say;
 Her will is done, she hears the rabbis pray.

XI.

A trumpet's wail the night-like quiet fills,
 And every breast with growing tension thrills;
 For now the crier on the scaffold stands
 And reads the verdict in his tawny hands.
 "Hear, Allah's faithful!" thus the herald says;
 "Hear, holy flock, who great Mohammed bless,
 This infidel, the wise Divan decreed,
 This Jewess shall by headsman's falchion bleed.
 For sacrilegious, dark, blasphemous guilt
 Her soul is damned, her unclean blood is spilt!
 No pious heart compassion feel with her;
 Now to thy task, brave executioner!"
 A rush, a stretch of arm, a cut, a scream,
 A flashing steel, a move, a gory stream,
 Appall the throng who with extreme amaze

At writhing Sol and her destroyer gaze.
 Nor dead nor living she yet wields her breath,
 Though struggling hard with agonies of death.
 The hangman straight his hellish end betrays,
 When thus he fiercely to the martyr says:
 "With breath in thee, oh blinded infidel,
 Our faith avow, or headlong to black hell
 This reeky steel shall soon thy soul dispatch!
 Speak forth thy will or perish, faithless wretch!"
 Whereat in cursing speech, before she dies,
 The outraged heroine the fiend replies:
 "Thou monstrous outcast of the bloodiest race
 Whom treason, murder, lust, and rape disgrace,
 Thy bestial instinct follow and conclude
 Thy craven task to please this multitude,
 Who ever may on such carousals feast
 With thee, vile slave, still viler than the beast!"
 The furious Moslem drives his fateful brand
 Athwart her neck, and on the dusty sand
 The sever'd head doth ghastly drop and roll;
 Behind it straight the gory frame doth fall,
 And thus departs from life and pain sweet Sol.—
 The crowd disperse, the rabbis forward straight
 The martyr's relics to the Mellah's gate;
 They reach the Mellah and straightway prepare
 The saintly maid with honors to inter,
 While tears are shed and prayers said for her.
 The women come, the maidens gather round
 The martyr stretched on the matted ground.
 A humble coffin her dead form receives,
 The bridegroom nears her and his breast relieves
 Of griping anguish, whelming in extreme,
 By words and tears descending in a stream.

XII.

"So must our love," the mourning youth began,
 Our sweetest hope in blossom pale and wan,
 And I behold thy soul's ethereal light
 Thus swallow'd up by hopeless shades of night!
 Must such a being dear to every heart
 Thus unavenged through bloody hand depart,
 And I be witness of thy pure career,
 And see thy fall with naught, except the tear
 To wash thy frigid frame, distorted face,
 This morn the seat of gentleness and grace!
 Oh, speak! my dearest, sweetest, godliest bride,
 Can death forever thus two souls divide,
 Must with the flesh the mind, the feeling die?
 Oh, a *hell* I feel, but say, is there a sky!
 As one deserted on the ocean's waves
 In vain the storm, the billows' fury braves,
 And thus, deprived of compass, helm and oar,
 He sinks confounded by the tempest's roar;
 So I am straying on a shoreless sea
 With woes and throes and death as company!
 I sink, I cry for help; the heavens lour,
 The elements destroy, the beasts devour,
 And man, of evil conscious and of good,
 Torments, destroys his own similitude!
 Step forth, wise men, come, lead the way, I go,
 I follow you, but urge not what I know
 To be an outgrowth of a cloudy time
 When faith is father to atrocious crime!
 The chord you harp upon I know too well,
 It sounds to me like music in the hell
 You trust in Justice, here, this breathless frame
 Speaks loud as thunder—Justice is a name!
 Speak not, speak not, my reason, sight grow dim;
 The earth does shake, the heavens reel and swim;

I grasp around, but feel no saving hand,
The surges overwhelm, the ocean hath no strand,
The abyss opens, into its womb I roll,
I sweep adown, but millions with me fall!"

XIII.

Close at the coffin wise Elias stood
And watch'd Ben Zion in desponding mood;
Paternal sympathy with him he felt
Whom fate a blow, a heinous blow hath dealt.
A tear descended the condoler's cheek,
While he prepared in accents mild to speak.
He press'd the hands of Hazan's fiery son,
And spoke to him in solemn, feeling tone:

XIV.

"Over the stage of this creation's vast
A veil of light and mystery is cast,
The origin, the end of man is dark,
His mind, his reason is a feeble spark
Of that supernal, all-enlightening blaze
Which dazzles, blinds his dim, terrestrial gaze.
In vain the poet to his muse appeals;
No truth divine to thinkers thought reveals;
All nature yields to adamantine sway,
And brute and man this nature's law obey,
Save that by taming her dominion he,
Her empire restraining may be free,
May rise or fall according to his will,
The sphere of action he prefers to fill.
Since man the fruit of wisdom tasting fell,
That wisdom did from Eden him expel,
From peaceful ease; for henceforth all is gloom,
His birth, his end, and life is martyrdom,
If doubt is all that stirs his restless soul,

And faith and virtue are to him no goal!
My spirit wanders through the endless past,
I count the races and I stand aghast
At seeing nations rise like billows vast,
Convulse the earth with their tremendous force,
And then subside to end a fameless course.
Amid the wreckage of unblessed times
I see a fountain in the Orient's climes
Begin to bubble, and with waters pure
A bleeding world of their distempers cure,
And ages who by flagrant vices fell
I see redeemed by chosen Israel !
Mankind he conquers not by fire and sword;
He teaches love, he conquers by the word.
A priest is he, although no High-Priest's robe
He wears when blessing the ungrateful globe,
With outspread hands and all-enkindling eyes,
He turns in prayer to the hopeful skies!
Hail Israel, thy fame will never cease
As long as thou art messenger of peace,
And in all times, in hours or dark or bright
The eyes are turned to the regions of light !
But woe to thee, when thou to menial greed,
To blind conceit, dost sacrifice thy creed;
When unresisting thou at vice dost smile,
Thy sacred mission dost, thy name defile!
Then send us prophets, oh supernal Sire,
That they with shame thy erring sons inspire,
Consume corruption with their tongues of fire!
Lament not, son, that Sol is now above,
In radiant realms of sweet, immortal love;
But weep that she with her ethereal mind
Left to her lover naught, save gloom behind;
That she no faith could to thy breast impart,
Not ease of anguish thy revolting heart.

There are, there *must* be blissful worlds on high,
And like this planet peopled is the sky
With virtuous beings who in pious thought,
In trust and virtue consolation sought.
There dwell the good, and there our sires bide,
There smiles in bliss thy dear, immortal bride,
Grieving, perchance, that her endeared youth
Thus gropes in error, while he yearns for truth."

END.

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